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AN ILLUSTRATED
JOURNAL OF

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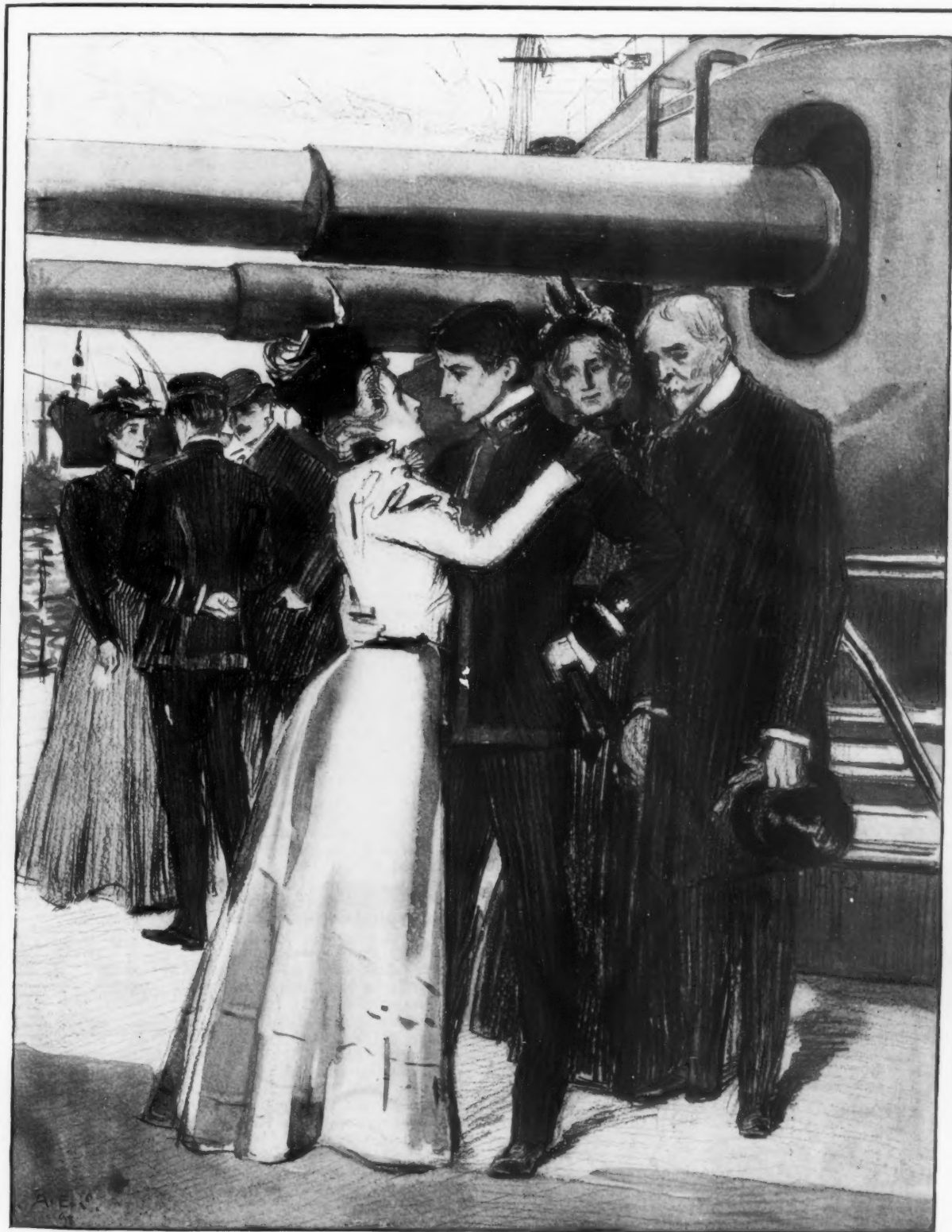


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NEW YORK NOVEMBER 5 1898

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"GOOD-BYE"

AN INCIDENT ON A BATTLESHIP BOUND FOR THE PHILIPPINES

(Drawn by ALBERT STERNER)

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THE EDITOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY NEW YORK CITY

ROBERT J COLLIER EDITOR

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NEW YORK NOVEMBER FIFTH 1898

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—A recent Act of Congress forbids the forwarding of newspaper mail from the town addressed to one whither a subscriber has removed unless stamps are forwarded for payment of postage. Subscribers to COLLIER'S WEEKLY who have changed their places of residence are therefore earnestly requested to notify the publisher at once, so that they may not lose any numbers of the Paper.

THE claim that France has acquired a title to Fashoda by Major Marchand's expedition would probably not be pressed but for the fact that the Brisson Cabinet finds itself in a critical position. It has already exasperated the Anti-revisionists, who in all likelihood constitute even now a majority of the Chamber of Deputies, by endeavoring to bring about a retrial of Dreyfus. It dare not give its enemies a pretext for declaring that it has sacrificed the interests and the dignity of France. As a matter of fact, Major Marchand had no right to take possession of Fashoda or of any other point on the Nile. The French contention is that, after the overthrow of the Khedive's authority by the Mahdi, the whole valley of the Upper Nile was derelict and at the mercy of the first-comer, and that Fashoda was reached by Marchand two months before Omdurman was captured by General Kitchener. The international law upon that point was settled in the strictly analogous case of Delagoa Bay, wherein the arbitrator held that the original title of Portugal was not invalidated by the circumstance that for a number of years the Lisbon government had been unable to enforce its sovereignty. No one denies that the whole valley of the Nile, from the source of that river in the Victoria Nyanza northward to Wady Halfa, was included, fifteen years ago, in the Khedive's dominions. It is equally certain that the Cairo government never renounced sovereignty over any part of the valley, but repeatedly announced a determination to reconquer the whole of it, so soon as the Egyptian finances and military forces should be placed upon a proper footing. Under the circumstances, Egypt's title to Fashoda is perfect. It does not follow that Lord Salisbury may not smooth the way for the withdrawal of a groundless claim by conceding to the French the right of establishing a trading-station on the upper waters of the Bahr el-Ghazal, the western confluent of the White Nile, which falls into the last-named river about one hundred and fifty miles south of Fashoda.

THE argument made by the Polish financier, Mr. Bliokh, in favor of the Czar's disarmament proposal, rests on the assumption that the contemporary European armies are so enormous that the problem of providing adequate food supplies will prove insoluble the moment the armies are put in motion. Military experts concur in the opinion that no tactician can maneuver to advantage in the field a force comprising much more than one hundred thousand men. Even if both assertions be accepted, it would still remain true that, in war, preponderance should be ultimately gained by the nation which possesses the larger trained reserve, whereby it would be enabled to survive temporary defeat and to make good promptly the losses incurred by a combatant, even when successful in battle. The aim of the conscriptive system is not so much the concentration of a single colossal army under one leader at a given point, as the acquirement of the ability to set on foot several large armies at once and of the almost limitless power of reinforcing them. This twofold purpose is supposed to be fulfilled by transforming every adult male citizen into a disciplined sol-

dier. In view of the applications of steam and electricity to contemporary warfare, it is doubtful whether the purveyance of food and ammunition to any force likely to be massed under a single commander would encounter greater difficulties than those which Napoleon surmounted in some of his campaigns. Open to dispute, therefore, is Mr. Bliokh's fundamental premise that the distended military establishments of our day have outgrown the capabilities of the quartermaster and commissary departments. Neither will the suggestion, by which the plan of proportionate disarmament may have commended itself to the Czar, appeal with equal force to other sovereigns. Mr. Bliokh pointed out that, if every nation would agree to keep under arms only a small fixed percentage of its adult males, Russia must inevitably within a hundred years become the mistress of Europe, because not only is its population now much larger than that of any other country, but it is increasing at a much greater rate.

IT APPEARS that it was not the navy, but the army, which served as the eyes of our Executive during the critical period of the war with Spain, when it was of paramount importance to ascertain the whereabouts of Cervera's "fleet in being." It was not the navy, but the Signal Service Bureau of the War Department, which first notified the White House that Cervera had entered the harbor of Santiago, and it was in pursuance of the peremptory personal fiat of the President that Admiral Schley was ordered to that port. The Navy Department persisted in doubting the assertion touching Cervera's whereabouts, until the Signal Service secured by way of Paris a second confirmatory despatch. We may add that, even after Admiral Schley had placed his squadron off Santiago, he was incredulous of the report that Cervera was inside the harbor, and was actually on the point of returning to Key West when he luckily received strict orders to remain where he was. So much for one of the reputations manufactured by the "yellow journals."

CAN THE CUBANS FOUND A STABLE GOVERNMENT?

IN view of the factions which have already developed among the natives of the island, the question arises, Can the Cubans establish a government that will prove orderly and durable? Assuming, for the sake of argument, that the question is likely to be answered eventually in the negative, What will be the duty of the United States in the premises?

The twofold nature of the obligation which we have contracted with reference to Cuba will be recognized when we recall the circumstances under which war was declared against Spain. Our primary purpose was proclaimed to be the rescue of the island from the waste of life and property which experience had shown to be inseparable from Spanish misrule. In order, however, to demonstrate to foreign nations the disinterestedness of our motives, Congress declared that we had no intention of annexing the island, but would allow its inhabitants to organize an independent government. There is no doubt that Congress, to which the Constitution gives the power of declaring war, has inferentially the right to define the aims and results thereof. By its fiat the Executive is bound and the annexation, therefore, of Cuba is out of the question unless Congress itself shall see fit to retract its former declaration. Should Cuba follow the example of Texas, and, having first set up an independent government, subsequently decide that the interests of the island would be better promoted by annexation, and should she petition Congress to that end, there is little reason to suppose that her request would be rejected. It would then be impossible to accuse us of dissimulation or double-dealing, for the acquisition of Cuba would manifestly be the outcome of her own formally expressed desire. On grounds, to be mentioned presently, we believe that such will be the result of a brief experience of independence. Let us first ask, however, what our duty would be in the not impossible event that the institution of an independent Cuban government would be followed, not by a request for admission to our Union, but, as has been the case in other Spanish-American republics, by internal dissensions, military pronunciamientos, internecine war, and anarchy. We say that such an event is by no means impossible, because it is already evident that the essential conditions of harmony and unity are lacking in Cuba. Of the various elements which make up the mixed population of the island, only two as yet place peace, order and prosperity above all other objects, and consequently advocate annexation to the United States. These two elements are the large Cuban landowners, and the rich Spaniards who desire to remain in the island. The poorer Spaniards, on the other hand, who are not planters, but are engaged in the smaller trades and industries, dread the competition with American enterprise which would inevitably follow the admission of Cuba to the Union. Among the native Cubans, also, and especially among those who have taken an active part in the recent insurrection, there are a good many who prefer independence to annexation, because, under the former regime, they count upon

securing the spoils of office in the customs service, which the Spaniards used to find so productive of private gain. This last-named faction is expected to predominate in the so-called Cuban assembly, convoked at Santa Cruz del Sur by the self-styled provisional government for the purpose of framing a constitution and organizing a permanent administration. This provisional government, it should be remembered, has never been recognized by the United States, and in the elections lately held under its mandate for a constituent assembly, very few Cubans, except insurgents actually in arms, have taken part. It remains to be seen whether the faction, which now professes allegiance to the insurgent government, will prove a factor of much weight in the general election which will be ordered by the American military governor after the evacuation of the island by the Spaniards shall have been completed, and at which effective measures will be taken to secure a full and free expression of opinion on the part of all components of the population. Should the corrupt and lawless part of the Cuban people, in which habits of brigandage has been ingrained by years of guerrilla warfare, find itself cut off by the outcome of the plebiscite from any share of influence in the independent regime ultimately adopted by Cuba, it would unquestionably recur to insurrection, which it is doubtful whether the constituted native authorities would be able to put down without assistance from the United States. Should the adherents of the insurgent government, on the other hand, prove preponderant at the election to be held ultimately under American auspices, and in the independent regime thereafter founded, there is reason to apprehend an amount of extortion and speculation that would put even Spaniards to the blush, and that would provoke a vehement outcry for American protection on the part of every resident in Cuba who had any property to lose. There is considerable danger that the least trustworthy part of the Cuban population will preponderate at the election which will be in due time ordered by the United States, because even among those who desire the ultimate annexation of Cuba, there are some who wish an independent government to intervene for a brief term, in order that the bonds issued during the late rebellion may acquire validity, and that certain valuable land grants and franchises may be secured. It is reported on good authority that a combination for such spoliative purposes has been already arranged between certain Cuban and American speculators, and that their expert agents are even now in Cuba inspecting railways and government lands.

We are, upon the whole, convinced that a brief experience of independence will convince the law-abiding and stake-holding inhabitants of Cuba that they can best assure their safety, welfare and progress, and can best avert from their posterity the fate of Hayti and St. Domingo, or that of the Central American commonwealths, by procuring the admission of their island to our Union. We believe that they will be impelled to this conclusion not only by political and social, but by economical incentives. Even the small white traders and artisans, who now dread American competition, will discover that they have even more to fear from the political ascendancy of the least enlightened and upright part of the Cuban population, and they will also find out that they, as well as the large planters, have everything to lose by a regime which would cut off Cuba's principal staples from their natural market, and thus strike at the root of the island's prosperity. We refer to the fact that, so long as Cuba should remain independent, her sugar, her tobacco, her fruits and her cabinet woods would all have to pay duties in the ports of the United States, whereas similar commodities from the annexed island of Puerto Rico would be admitted to our markets duty free. The tremendous advantage that would accrue to Puerto Rico from such a discrimination, would constitute an object lesson, by which all intelligent inhabitants of Cuba, whether Spaniards or Creoles, would be in the end powerfully impressed. It is this economical argument, which, after a brief and bitter experience of independence, may be trusted to array a majority of the Cubans on the side of annexation.

THE SITUATION IN PUERTO RICO

WE HAVE before us half a dozen numbers of the daily newspaper *La Nueva Era*, published at Ponce, the principal town on the southern coast of Puerto Rico. This is a journal which, in shape, resembles the *Pall Mall Gazette*; it contains, however, but four pages. It is, of course, printed in Spanish, but each number of the paper contains at least one article in English, and a part of the advertisements are in the latter language. The editor undoubtedly represents the feeling of the great majority of the Puerto Rico population when, both on political and economical grounds, he welcomes the prospect of annexation to the United States. It is worth while to note his appreciative comments on some remarks made by General James H. Wilson not long ago at the coffee plantation of Mr. Pierinisi.

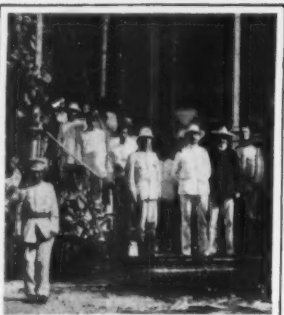
General Wilson had pointed out the administrative gradations through which the inhabitants of Puerto Rico might expect to pass, so soon as the Spaniards should have evacuated

the island and the sovereignty of the United States should have been fully established. That initial event, we need not remind the reader, took place on the 18th of October. Thereupon, as General Wilson explained, a military governor, appointed by the President, became the supreme authority in the island. Under this provisional regime, no interference with the local laws need be looked for, except in so far as it may be needed to protect the occupying army of the United States, and to maintain peace and good order among the people of Puerto Rico. The military governor will relegate to the local courts the administration of justice as between man and man, and he will count upon the moderation and good sense of the people themselves to assist him in the maintenance of public tranquillity, and in the cultivation of that respect for the rights of persons and property which constitutes the foundation of the American system of government. How long the military government will continue, must, as General Wilson reminded his auditors, depend largely upon the people of Puerto Rico themselves. In the natural and regular course of events, the military administration will give way to a territorial government, established by act of Congress, which, in the course of time, may be followed by the admission of Puerto Rico into the Union as a State. How many years either of the forms of probationary government may last will necessarily depend on the completeness of the proofs that the inhabitants of the island are qualified for self-rule. The acquirement of statehood will naturally be deferred, if, by a disregard of each other's rights, by turbulence, intolerance or ignorance, the Puerto Ricans shall show themselves unfit to enjoy the privileges of self-government.

General Wilson proceeded to give his auditors some good advice, which, if we may judge by the comments in *La Nueva Era*, were taken in good part, and are likely to be turned to account. Recalling the fact that the Catholic religion has been hitherto established in Puerto Rico, he directed attention to certain deductions from the fundamental principles of the new political regime, which it would be well for the islanders to bear in mind. In the first place, Catholicism will at once cease to be supported by the State, and will have to depend exclusively upon the voluntary contributions of its votaries; in the second place, every Protestant denomination will have a right to send its representatives to Puerto Rico and to expect for them there protection and fair treatment. It is of the utmost moment to the welfare of Puerto Rico that its enlightened citizens should see to it that, henceforth, every inhabitant of the island shall feel himself entirely at liberty to join whatever church he may choose, and to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. The sooner perfect religious toleration, such as exists in the United States, shall characterize not only the law, but public opinion in Puerto Rico, the sooner will the competence of the island for self-rule be recognized.

There is, manifestly, another source of danger to the prosperity and autonomy of Puerto Rico, and it was this to which General Wilson adverted when he warned his auditors against an outbreak of violence on the part of one section of the people against another, of insular against peninsular, of Puerto-Riqueño against Spaniard, for the purpose of retaliating for past oppression, real or imaginary. Such outbreaks, should they become general, could not fail to bring discredit on the natives of the island, and to cause them to be looked upon in the United States as a turbulent and law-breaking people who could not be safely intrusted with the privileges of self-government, and who, therefore, must be ruled by military commanders. It behooves them, said General Wilson, to remember that their wrongs, whatever they may have been, have been atoned for by the expulsion of the Spanish flag from this hemisphere; that this expulsion has been brought about without any exertion on the part of the Puerto Ricans themselves, and that the least they can do in return is to repress the spirit of vindictiveness, and resolve to live in peace and quiet with their Spanish neighbors, respecting the personal and property rights of others, as they desire to see their own respected.

In a series of editorial articles, based on General Wilson's remarks, *La Nueva Era* insists that there is no foundation for the report that any considerable element of the Puerto Ricans is dissatisfied with the new order of things and is conspiring to kill the Spaniards, burn their houses and do all the damage possible to their possessions. It declares that the people, as a whole, willingly accept the idea of annexation, and desire their country to become, by law and in fact, an integral part of the United States. This newspaper, indeed, does not pretend that a few of the resident Spaniards, who, in the past, have sown the seed of hatred and intolerance, can now expect to reap a harvest of benedictions; it expresses the opinion that such as find themselves, unfortunately, in such a predicament might do well to leave the country in which they are likely to be enveloped by an atmosphere of aversion. Should they persist, however, upon dwelling in such an atmosphere, nobody will object to it, and their lives and properties will be protected. As to the resident Spaniards who have earned nothing but esteem from the native community, the strongest assurances are given that they have absolutely nothing to fear. On the whole, there seems to be no doubt that those Spaniards who continue to reside in Puerto Rico will find themselves infinitely better off than were the Tories in the United States after the achievement of our independence.



AFTER THE SURRENDER OF MANILA

1. Filipinos about to cross the Bridge, over the Pasig, to Manila. 2. House, prepared for Defense, on Road followed by General McArthur in Assault of Aug. 13. 3. Admiral Montojo's Palace, afterward General Greene's Headquarters—General Greene, his Staff, Servants, etc., at Entrance. 4. Generals Merritt and Greene viewing Manila, after the Surrender, from Roof of Monastery within the American Lines. 5. Spanish Prisoners on Bridge from Gateway of older City's Wall.

THE EQUATOR 'S. CIVILIZATION



THE ENGLISH CLUB, MANILA

generated in them mighty works. Tyre, Sidon, Carthage, Athens, Rome, as well as Nineveh, Babylon, Thebes, were great cities and warm ones. And if Mr. Le Plongeon is to be believed, there was a great civilization in and about Central America; indeed,

he professes to have discovered the original club with which Cain executed a memorable act of justice on Abel, in the beginning of things.

In old times, in short, you had but to give a young man the Equator, and he would do well; deny it to him, and he failed. Go South, Young Man, was then the word. It has been Go West during the last few thousand years; and the question suggests itself, is it to be Go North in the future? The matter should be determined; for we hear it said, in relation to our tropical colonies in the East and West Indies, that we never can really occupy them, because the Anglo-Saxon cannot live and work in the tropics, but presently deteriorates and dwindles away. Are the successful colonies of the age to come to be placed in the Arctic or Antarctic regions? Is Klondyke, rather than the Philippines or Puerto Rico, to be the seat of our future empire?

It must be admitted that the scenes of the old civilizations are now either deserted, or are occupied by degenerate or barbarous peoples. And wherever we find the leaders of mankind in science, art and energy, the environment is that of the temperate zone. The Anglo-Saxon (the only person now worth considering, since the Latins have received their coup-de-grace, the French from Dreyfus and the Spaniards from us) will not do his best work in any climate which requires a costume lighter than shirtsleeves. It is true, of course, that our sailors and soldiers fought and won some late battles in a temperature which rose far above a hundred degrees; but that was only for once in a way. When the Anglo-Saxon selects his own conditions for

hard and continuous work, he always selects them cool.

What is the cause of this change? Is the modern man warmer-blooded than the former one? Did the brains of the latter need to be warmed up from without in order to work, whereas ours warm themselves from within, and have to be cooled down? Some forty degrees of latitude have we climbed up the sides of the planet since Adam and Eve; are we to go on, until the Boston of the future will be built round the Pole? Are pure intellect and cold logic to find their final home amid the glaciers and ice-caps? Are our bodies to be trained and attuned to the Absolute Zero, and will the time come when we shall see a man rolling up his sleeves to saw ice in a temperature which solidifies mercury, and wiping the sweat from his brow when he gets through his job? Are our coming scholars to be men of really solid attainments—frozen solid? Or have we already attained our northward limit, and are we now about to begin to retrace our steps, and get gradually back to the Equator once more?

We see by the advertisement columns of the papers that companies with immense capital are forming to develop Cuba and Puerto Rico, and probably the Philippines also, when our commissioners have defined our intentions in that direction. Puerto Rico, which is the only one of our new acquisitions which is unrestrictedly ours, seems to be the least available of them all for agricultural and other industrial manipulation, because it is populated more thickly than almost any other civilized country, and is divided up into small holdings dis-



AN EVERY-DAY CUBAN SCENE

tributed over the island; there are few large cities, and little waste land to be bought up. Of course, land can be bought from the present holders; but the latter are putting up the price on it; and the basis of all successful enterprises in the tropics is to get plenty of land, and to get it cheap. This can be done in Cuba; but Cuba is not ours at present; and whether or not the Cubans, or a controlling party of them, wish to be annexed is still



PASSENGER TRANSPORTATION IN VENEZUELA

among the questions to which no one is rash enough to answer. However, that fact need not prevent our capitalists from taking Cuban risks. The Cubans—what is left of them—wish to be prosperous; and they can become so only through our co-operation, if not our direction. Their government will certainly not discriminate against us; and if we have only half a chance, we can



CENTRAL AMERICAN CABELLERO

turn the island into gold. Modern implements, modern methods, and Anglo-Saxon energy can make Cuba the treasure-box and supply-station of the world.

It has already shored-up Spain for centuries, and yet the Spaniards have done their very best to destroy its means of productiveness. Only a tenth of its area has been cultivated and that cultivation has been of a primitive and wasteful kind, and has been carried on in an indolent and haphazard manner. Besides that, the taxes have been incredible, and the bareface robberies have been inconceivable. But we may safely affirm that the total present population of Cuba could easily subsist off the produce of a million acres of its surface; and the total acreage is estimated at about twenty-six millions, almost all of it cultivatable. You can plant coffee on the mountains where you can plant nothing else, and where the climate is temperate; and coffee is one of the best-paying crops for a permanency. But before you begin planting, you have the timber to remove; and the timber of Cuba will not only pay the expenses of its removal, but will of itself yield a fortune to whomsoever cuts it down and takes it to market. Then come tobacco, oranges and other fruits, and vegetables for winter use here in the North. You cannot go wrong in Cuba.

I lived several years in Jamaica, which is a hundred miles further south than Cuba and does not begin to compare with it as a field for investment. The soil is not a quarter as rich, and the topography of the island leaves very little even of its small surface—it is only about a hundred and forty miles long by twenty-five wide, against Cuba's seven hundred by seventy—available for cultivation. Moreover, Jamaica is cursed by a negro population which is now approaching the million mark, and which is as worthless as any negro population can be; and not only is it worthless for productive purposes, but it is beginning to be saucy and turbulent; and the few unhappy Englishmen who still cling to the island have the gloomiest and most justifiable forebodings as to its immediate future. But I examined the agricultural possibilities of the place closely, while I was there, and made some experiments in a small way; and completely satisfied myself that with adequate capital to start with, I could make a gigantic fortune every year.

The banana trade from the island was already monopolized by the Boston Fruit Company; and as for oranges, though the best oranges I ever ate grow in Jamaica, they are not cultivated, but just grow, like Topsy. There is not, in the whole island, an area where a great orange plantation, such as we see, or saw, in Florida, could be set out; the foothills of the mountains come down almost to the sea on all sides, and the face of the country is so cut up and rugged that a level field is almost as rare there as a snow-storm. Leaving out bananas and oranges, therefore, there remain vegetables of all kinds, many kinds of fruits, and coffee; together with pimento or allspice, which grows on the northwest of the island, and sundry other things of less importance. Tobacco is also grown in Jamaica, but not of the quality of the best Havana, though I suppose the reason must be that the Jamaicans don't know how to grow it; there is soil there capable of producing the same results, if properly manured. But manure is unknown in Jamaica.

I found, after exhaustive calculations, and eliminating all doubtful factors, and deducting fifty per cent for accidents and contingencies, that an acre of land in Jamaica, cultivated during three months in the year, would yield a return above all expenses of at least one thousand dollars. Some crops would yield five times that amount. A few, at the present winter prices in New York, would yield as high as ten thousand dollars per acre. This seems apocryphal, does it not? But it is sober fact, and as I have said, it allows for fifty per cent of failures. This is for Jamaica; but Cuba is four times as fertile, acre for acre, as Jamaica, besides being a dozen times as big; and it is from one to two hundred miles nearer our ports than the smaller island.

But what was needed was capital, and lots of it; for the following reasons. You must be your own middle-man. By the time you have paid for transportation, and for warehousing in New York, and for selling in the fruit shops, you have paid away the flower of your profit. In order to be successful, you must first have an adequate force of effective laborers, which, in Jamaica, would have to be imported, inasmuch as the native negroes will not work more than three or four days in a week, and cannot be depended upon even for those; and they are both ignorant and obstinate; they know nothing and they will not learn. To get work done there, you must import coolies from India; and the importation is restricted and hedged about in various ways, and is much opposed by the negroes. Having secured your labor—which must be supervised, at least at first, by skilled labor, in the shape of scientific agriculturists and professors from agricultural colleges—and bought your land, which may be ten thousand acres or a hundred thousand as you please, you must then erect suitable buildings, and import proper machinery and tools. Next you must build roads, both ordinary roads and railways—either steam railways, or trolley lines, which would be better in tropical mountainous regions. These roads must be your own, and under your control and sole operation. Then you must have docks, with appliances suitable for handling rapidly and scientifically large quantities of perishable goods; the fruit and vegetables must be packed at once, in such a manner as to insure their arrival in good condition at their journey's end. At the docks, therefore, must lie a fleet of fast steamships, capable of making the trip north at the rate of five hundred miles a day; and there must never be a day, during the season, when one of them at least is not leaving the harbor fully laden. But this is not all: in every principal Northern port you must have your own pier and ware-



MEXICAN WATER-CARRIERS

house; and you must also have shops on the principal streets of the cities where your fruit and vegetables may be exposed for sale in an attractive manner. You must have salesmen and distributing wagons and all the other appanages of a great business; and you will probably wish to charter special trains to carry your goods inland to customers there. All these things are indispensable to success, and it is needless to say that they cost money; but it is not less certain that for every dollar invested you will take out two or three. But then you must begin with at least two or three million, and wait a couple of years before getting into the full



JAMAICAN BEASTS OF BURDEN

swing of your prosperity. My own experience in Jamaica satisfied me as to the expediency of the enterprise; but the capital was lacking, and could not at that time—about five years ago—be 'interested' in the matter. It is different now; there will be no want of capital in Cuba, and with that, and only ordinary intelligence, the returns will be magnificent.

Such a scheme as I had in view contemplated a small and close corporation, with a limited output—limited to the amount of money we cared to make. But the Cuban situation is different. My Jamaican farm would have been of ten thousand acres; from that I would



GUATEMALAN BELLE OF THE INDIAN TYPE

have derived an annual income of ten million dollars net. But the scale in Cuba is vastly larger, and the profits would probably not be so relatively great; because the profusion of produce would soon lower the prices. In a few years, strawberries will be selling in New York, in December and January, for no more a basket than they now cost in June; and other things in proportion. The result will be that instead of a close corporation, you will have great companies subletting land to small investors, and helping them to market their produce; or if the small people wish merely to live off their land by selling their surplus in the island, they can do that. Thousands of them will desire to settle in Cuba, as they would in California and Dakota, and make the best of it. They would certainly always make a living, and most of them would make very much more. They would live in a nearly perfect climate, and one which, with ordinary precautions, is as healthy as any in the world. If the development companies do their duty wisely, persons with a few thousand dollars can get a good start and keep it up without effort; if I were a young man, with a wife and not more than one child, I would gladly go out with not more than a thousand dollars. With that I could buy a farm of from ten to a hundred acres; and if I were not rich before I was forty I would know it was my own fault.

But that brings us back to the vital question, whether we can live in the tropics permanently, and yet retain our native characteristics of energy and ability. To settle that question, statistics are needed. And they must be extensive statistics, for isolated instances are of no value. I may recite my own experience, however. While I was in the West Indies, I did quite as much physical and mental work as during any other similar period in my life; and I was sensible of no diminution of energy. I walked about ten miles a day, took other exercise for an hour or two, and wrote from three to six hours or more daily. I was well in health all the time, with the exception of one illness resulting from poisoning, and one from eating unripe fruit. But against this record must be set the facts that I have always been active of habit, and healthy; and that while in the island I lived at an elevation of never less than a thousand feet above high-water mark. I knew how to "take care of myself," and never committed any indiscretion; I ate lightly, and drank nothing in the way of liquors. I was advised to keep out of the sun, but to this caution I paid little attention; and my blood and digestion being good, I never suffered from exposure to it. But I noticed that, if you get ill in the tropics, it is more difficult to get well again than it is in the north; there seems to be nothing to catch hold of, to pull yourself up; nothing to brace yourself against; your tendency is, to slip down, further and further. It is then (and only then in my experience) that you become conscious of that languor of the tropics of which one hears so much.

My sojourn was limited to three years. Had I stayed longer, it is of course possible that I might have deteriorated; but it is at least as possible that I might have held my own, or even improved. One of the strongest young Americans I have ever known had been living there ten years or more when I arrived; the tropics certainly did not hurt him; and his residence was not on the hills, but down in Kingston itself. He was a model athlete, and indefatigable at his profession—dentistry. He could not have been better or more efficient had he lived in Dakota, New Hampshire, Southern California, or wherever else the climate is healthy and stimulating. I also knew numbers of English and Scotchmen, merchants for the most part, who also lived in the city, and had done so for thirty years or more; they were all hearty and healthy men, never ill. But it must be admitted that the men who were the sons or remoter posterity of earlier settlers did not have a very robust appearance; they were pale and soft-looking, and lacked stature and sturdiness. Again, the officers and men of the regiments who were stationed there, and whose term was two or three years, were not all in good condition; but I found that, as regards the officers at least, the reason of their ill-condition could usually be ascribed to the fact that they ate and drank the same as they had done in London; cocktails, beer, whisky and wines, and plenty of meat will not do in the tropics, no matter who you are. But many of these officers were active and alert, and took care of themselves; and they never complained of the climate. They may not have liked it as well as that of England—I suppose no Englishman could do that, or he would not admit it if he could. On the other hand, my observation disposes me to believe that Americans do better than Englishmen in tropical countries. They have no heat like ours in England, and the thermometer appears to affect them more than it does our people, especially our Southerners. The most dangerous foe that either they or we have to contend

with, is drink; there is a strong temptation to drink in hot climates, for obvious reasons; and if it is yielded to, the consequences are always bad. That would be the main difficulty in handling Irish laborers in the tropics; but for that, I should expect a few thousand sturdy Irishmen would be the very best element to introduce into our new possessions; if they would keep sober, the heat would not hurt them, and they could do more work, and better work, in a day, than the negroes in a month. But there are other beverages besides alcoholic ones in the West Indies, which satisfy thirst, please the palate, and do no harm. I used to drink daily the juice of oranges squeezed into a glass, or the juice of green coconuts, and similar things. Water is good if it is good; but one has to be careful about that. Aerated waters in bottles are safe, and there is plenty to be had. If you live mainly on fruit and vegetables, you do not need so much drink. But the appetite is good in these countries, and you need to eat a good many vegetables to get the equivalent of meat. The milk is not very good, or easy to obtain; and eggs are scarce, at least in Jamaica, owing, principally, to the mongoose, who eats the poultry, and will burrow through your fences to get at them; and then the negroes will steal what the mongoose misses. There are no white day-laborers in Jamaica, nor in Cuba, so far as I know; but I know of no good reason why there should not be, if precautions are observed.

Of the conditions in the Philippines I can say nothing, for I never was there; but I have been in India, and it may be admissible to argue, within limits, from one to the other. Of course there are no white day-laborers in India either, technically speaking; but the Englishmen there work harder than any ordinary day-laborers, as no one who saw them during the late famine needs to be told. It was work of the most exhaustive kind, telling both on mind and body. How do they stand it? It must be admitted that they do not improve, physically, as a rule; most of them become weakened in the long run, and their vitality is lowered, one way or another. There is something in the life that affects the livers of the unfortunate Anglo-Saxons. On the voyage to India I landed at Brindisi, and took a walk of a few miles along the coast with an English officer, with whom I had become acquainted on the trip; a lean and active little fellow of perhaps forty. He had been ten years or more in India, and was returning from his leave. He was apparently in sound health; he walked well, and could ride all day—he was in the cavalry. The sun was hot at Brindisi, and after walking an hour, I thought a swim in the blue Mediterranean would be pleasant. But when I proposed it to the Englishman, his face expressed amazement first, and then, when he saw that I was in earnest, horror. "It would be as much as a fellow's life is worth," he said. Englishmen are so much identified with cold bathing that I was puzzled; but he told me that a cold bath would produce a congestion of his liver which would probably kill him; and he related a tragic tale of a friend of his who, on a recent visit to England, had been persuaded into taking a cold tub; and he died from the effects. Now this officer was a strictly temperate man; smoked little, and drank less, and spent most of his life in open-air exercise.

This is not an encouraging anecdote for those who contemplate emigrating to a place which is quite as hot as India, perhaps; though it cannot have the terrible dry heats of the interior, hundreds of miles away from the sea. It is not an isolated instance; and it is of record that when English civil servants are retired, and go back to England for good at the age of fifty-five—in the prime of life for a home-living Englishman—they survive on the average but two years, and their health is almost always shattered. It is of small avail that they wear pith helmets and follow certain traditional rules of regimen and hygiene; India is fatal to them; and they have never been able to raise their children there. They maintain their power by substituting another man for each one that falls; and there is never any lack of volunteers; the service is highly valued by the incumbents. Of course there is no finer service that a man of ability and energy can perform; and it is fairly well paid. But it takes at least twenty years off the span of a healthy man's life, and sometimes does its work much more quickly than that.

Of its effect upon Americans my opportunities for judging were very limited. There was a young American in Bombay, about thirty years old or less, who had lived there several years in an official and business capacity. He was well made and strong, an excellent type of American in all respects. But there were lines in his face that had no right to be there at his age; he had nothing to complain of, he said, except a certain "nervous dyspepsia" which appears to be a not uncommon affliction, and for which there is no cure, ex-

cept to leave the country. It is evidently associated with some disease of the liver. This young man lived carefully, and took light gymnastic exercise. He did a great deal of office work, and large responsibilities rested on him; but he had no cause for worry in his business; there was nothing but the climate to affect him. It seemed likely that a residence of a few years more would make an invalid of him.

The three or four other Americans that I met while in India were missionaries, and they had been there for a long time—from fifteen to five-and-thirty years. For the most part they got on without vacations—their residence had been practically continuous. Their duties were very onerous; they involved frequent small journeys and much exposure to the sun; much going about, on foot, from hut to hut in the native villages; and all manner of little calls and detached operations which make a drain on one's vitality, and count up a big total of exertion at the end of each day. I might say that there were no harder working people in India the year round, than the American missionaries. They are of course exposed to all the diseases of the natives, and labor amid the plague, the small-pox, leprosy and other afflictions, with no visible means or attempt to protect themselves. Yet the men whom I knew had survived all these things, and were well and strong as any men of their respective ages. They were happy in their work, slow and often seemingly thankless as it is; they were inspired and supported by their faith, and by the spiritual delight of doing good—and it would be difficult to exaggerate the amount of good they do in educating and civilizing the people, and teaching them, by slow degrees, the law of love and self-sacrifice. No doubt these men that I knew were the survivors of many who had come out to India and had either died in their duty, or had been forced to give up the enterprise; but at any rate there they were, living proofs that life and work are possible to Americans in the most trying and intolerable climate in the world. It may be unsafe to base a general statement on them; but they may go for what they are worth. There must be a good many thousand individuals in our population who could live and work in the Philippines as well as the missionaries do in India.

Physical constitution and moral character should, no doubt, both be taken into consideration in deciding whether we are personally able to occupy and administer the tropics; and it may be expected that we shall have some failures, and will learn our lessons as others do, by experience. But there can be no serious question but that we shall succeed, and that by carefully selecting our men, and educating them in the right mode of life under the novel conditions, we shall find it as easy to administer the Philippines or Puerto Rico as New York or Oregon. Easy or not, it must be done. It is a great and fascinating enterprise, honorable to the doers of it, because beneficial to the natives and to the world. Our life here at home is too selfish, and tends to become more so. We need to feel responsibility for something more than the successful conduct of our own private affairs. We need to study large problems of human government, not through the eyes of the local politicians, but with relation to people with whom we have no congenial interests, who are foreign to us in every sense, who are dependent upon us, and to whom we can be just and kind for the sake of justice and kindness. The benefits that India has conferred upon England are incalculable, but they are not financial benefits; in that respect, India has been a burden rather than a support. But it has given the noblest and most elevating kind of character to England's young men; it has developed great and lofty characters which otherwise would have rusted unknown, and perhaps mischievously. What a career has been that of Cecil Rhodes! and all the trouble and expense of South Africa would have been worth while, even without its contingent benefits, in order to produce such a man. It is such men that make England great; her navy is but ancillary to them, and would not exist but for them. We have already seen the uprising of a Dewey, a Schley and a Hobson; and we need not doubt that the future has in reserve an illimitable line of great Americans, whose greatness will be gradually filtrated into the ideas and ideals of the nation, and will raise the whole level of public thought and aim. No doubt wealth will also come; but that is a very secondary consideration, though it may seem extravagant to say so now; for we have given too much honor to the men of money of late years. It was not always so with us, and it will not be so always; and this departure of ours toward a broader empire, which to some of us seems alarming or "unconstitutional," will presently be recognized as the chief of our blessings, on account of the purifying and exalting influence it will exercise over every feature of our daily lives.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.



HENRI ROCHEFORT,
Editor of *L'Intransigeant*.



EDOUARD DRUMONT,
Editor of *Le Libre Parole*.



M. BRISSON,
Late Premier.



M. CLEMENCEAU,
Editor of *L'Aurore*.

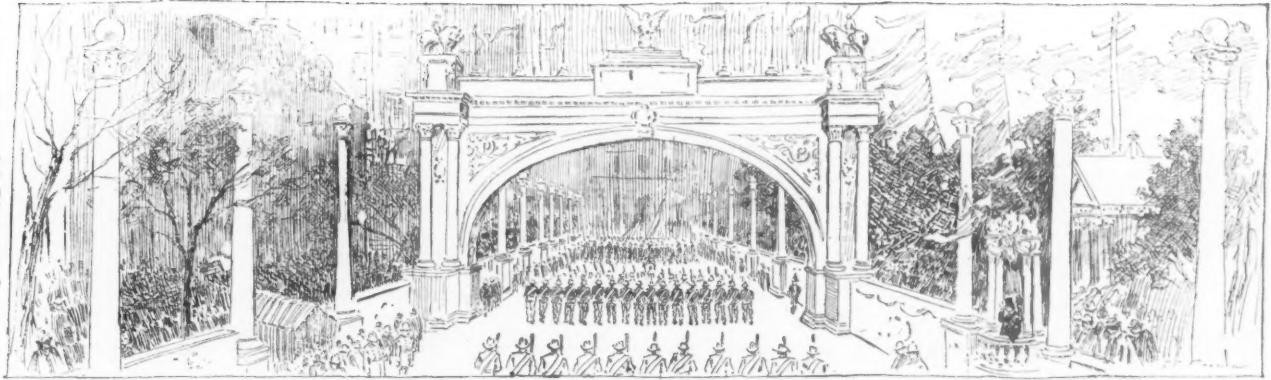


GENERAL CHANOINÉ,
Late Minister of War.



PAUL DÉROULEDE
Pres't of League of Patriots.

FRENCHMEN WHO ARE PROMINENT IN THE DREYFUS AGITATION



PHILADELPHIA'S PEACE JUBILEE—THE MILITARY PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH THE COURT OF HONOR

PHILADELPHIA'S PEACE PAGEANT

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

Oct. 29, 1898

IT WAS a happy coincidence of time and place that America's first great peace jubilee over the results of the Spanish war was celebrated in Philadelphia, the Quaker City of Brotherly Love, at the very hour when the long-laboring Peace Commissioners in Paris reached the point of agreement. Another stroke of luck was the brief spell of good weather, for which Chicago had prayed in vain on the occasion of its premature peace jubilee. Three days of rain, like the downpour that caused the civic parade to be postponed until the end of the jubilee week, would have turned the glittering holiday into a nasty mess. Let this be remembered lest Philadelphia grow too vainglorious, having succeeded wherein New York and Chicago failed.

Yet Philadelphians have cause to be proud of their city. Not since the days of the great Centennial festival, one generation ago, have such multitudes dogged the streets of Philadelphia. Twenty-five thousand soldiers, or an army equivalent to the total regular forces of the United States, marched for eight miles between two unbroken tiers of densely packed people aggregating more than a million sightseers. Afterward this huge mass surged into the streets, closing the gap left by the paraders, and the men who had marched came back and mingled in the crush until the illumination and other night displays were over; yet there was little disorder, and a few thousand policemen seemed to have no trouble in handling the vast crowd.

Said Mrs. McKinley: "The size of it, the impressiveness of it, the finish of it has not been equaled by anything I have seen."

Similarly the President, in his short speech at the Clover Club dinner, took occasion to say:

"It was a pageant the like of which I do not believe has been seen in this country since the close of the great Civil War, when the army of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, and the navy of Dupont, Dahlgren and Porter gave the great review in the capital city of the nation."

It was originally planned to have the civic parade come on the day after the naval review, to be followed by the military parade, thus reserving the climax of interest to the last. As it turned out it was just as well that the inclement weather of the second day postponed the civic pageant until the end, since it served to soften the belligerent note of triumph sounded by the naval and military displays during the earlier part of the Peace Jubilee.

It was a pity that the managers of the affair, as well as the Philadelphia newspapers, keyed the anticipation of the public a trifle too high by creating the impression that Secretary Long's review of a hastily improvised squadron of heterogeneous warships safely anchored in the Delaware River was to be a naval parade. It was really a parade of a large number of pleasure yachts, excursion boats and river craft, some two hundred vessels in all, steaming slowly around the stationary line of big and little men-of-war riding proudly at anchor in single file. First in interest came the battle-scarred battleship "Texas," with "Jack" Philip, the commodore, and Captain Sigbee standing together on the bridge. Then there were the cruisers "New Orleans," "Columbia" and "Marblehead," with stern Captain McCalla, who landed the first American forces on Cuban soil at Guantanamo. Other interesting craft were the "Mayflower," "Topeka" and "Dolphin," and the torpedo-boat "Winslow," that bore ill-fated Ensign Bagley, as well as the revenue tug "Hudson," which pulled the disabled "Winslow" out of the fight at Cárdenas. But the favorite of all was the little "Gloucester," the former "Corsair," with her commander, Richard Wainwright, who, single-handed, tackled and destroyed the much-dreaded torpedo-boat destroyers of Admiral Cervera.

All these vessels were veterans, and were hailed as such by an appreciative populace on the overloaded excursion boats and along the crowded river banks. Among the newcomers from the Crumps' shipyard were the Japanese man-of-war "Kasagi," resplendent as the mountain peak it is named after, the embryonic hull of our newly launched "Admiral Schley," and the "MacKenzie," a brand-new torpedo-boat, likewise built in this country. Of the large fleet of vessels that circled around the warships the most interesting, perhaps, was

the former transport and blockade-runner, "Olivette," which was sunk off Fernandina, and Alexander Van Rensselaer's steam yacht "May," bearing the Secretary of the Navy and his staff. As he passed in review each of the anchored warships fired a salute of nineteen guns, while the crews were lined up on deck. At night there was a brilliant display of searchlights and electric illuminations. The flagship in particular outdid all the rest with its line of incandescent lamps running over the topgallant yards from stem to stern, with rows of lesser lights outlining the yards and funnels, while on the port and starboard amidships there were illuminations blazoning forth her name, "Texas."

Contrary to all precedents the great military parade on the following Wednesday started at the exact minute set for it, so that many of the leisured folk of Philadelphia who had reckoned on the usual delay did not reach the reviewing stands in time to see the head of the procession. Previous to this President McKinley was rapidly driven up and down between the waiting multitudes, reaching the grand stand in front of the Union League Club, at the entrance of the Court of Honor depicted above, just in time to see the signal man on the nearest housetop wig-wagging the message that the parade had started at the other end of Broad Street.

General Miles, who had been sitting his horse watch in hand, when the time came took a last look up and down the long clear avenue and then simply said: "Let 'er go."

This handy form of command seemed to cause considerable surprise to the group of colonels, majors, captains and adjutants who were gathered back of General Miles, arrayed in uniforms that made a showy background.

Among General Miles's staff rode the chiefs of three States with their own brilliant escorts; to wit, Governor Hastings of Pennsylvania, Governor Lowndes of Maryland and Governor Cooke of Connecticut. The escort of this last Governor consisted of the famous Connecticut Footguards, dressed in the old scarlet uniforms with bearskin hats worn by this oldest of American commands at the battle of Bunker Hill. The men bore themselves proudly, as well they might, for their company is the only American body of troops that has been through active service in five successive wars, these very men in antique garb having but lately returned from the most modern of wars.

A distinctly novel feature in the way of escorts was the detachment of artillery consisting of Battery A of Philadelphia, which served as the personal escort of General Miles, greatly to that general's surprise. When the general, riding at the very head of the procession, reached the Union League Club, where President McKinley was seated next to the Secretary of War and Generals Shafter and Chaffee, besides several members of the Cabinet, high officials of the War Department and foreign officers from Great Britain, Russia and Japan, he wheeled his spirited roan charger about and saluted the Chief of the Army and Navy with the point of his sword. The President gravely returned the salute with a bow. At the flash of the sword a mighty roar went from the thousands of people packed on the grand stand and along the street, and the cheer was taken up from block to block, until it had traveled along the entire length of the parade.

Even more tumultuous was the cheering that greeted Major-General Wheeler, in a black slouch hat and black cape, sitting a full-bred black charger like the ideal cavalry leader that he is. He was greeted with vociferous acclamations, such as "You are a fighter, old Joe!" or "You are the stuff, you old Rebel!" but the old general, bowed down by the recent death of his favorite son, never moved a muscle, not even when the President of the nation arose from his seat and waved his hat at him. Behind him came the City Troopers of Philadelphia in natty khaki uniforms, on well-groomed horses that did not show much strain from their recent campaign in Puerto Rico. They were followed by General Wheeler's chosen escort, the Rough Riders, led by Adjutant Keyes of the First Volunteer Cavalry. It was a mere handful of men, on sorry mounts and without accoutrements, but the incessant cheering that arose all along the line, to be taken up finally by President McKinley himself, was enough surely to warm the heart of every one of those men shivering in their stained fatigue uniforms of cheap yellow duck.

Then came the regulars. At the head of the division rode General S. S. Sumner, late (and still) colonel of the Sixth Regular Cavalry, but appointed Major-General of Volunteers for gallant and meritorious services

in front of Santiago. The first organization in line was the Twenty-first United States Infantry, which, while on the firing-line at Santiago, sang the "Star-Spangled Banner" in a way that depressed the Spanish heart. It was commanded by its major, for the colonel (Kline) and lieutenant-colonel (McKibbin) are now serving as brigadier-generals, although retaining their rank in the regiment. Behind them came four troops of the Tenth Cavalry, colored—the men who fought beside the Rough Riders in the first battle of the advance on Santiago and earned the hearty respect of every white man who has the possibilities of a soldier in him. Although cavalry, they marched on foot, just as they did in Cuba, and were quite as good-natured and jolly as if they had never faced any crowd more hostile than Philadelphians. The reception they got, indeed, was more enthusiastic and spontaneous than fell to the lot of any other command in the long line of march. After another detachment of artillery, consisting of Light Battery F of the Fifth Artillery, came a rear-guard of regular cavalry, six hundred mounted troopers of the gallant Third, who distinguished themselves at El Caney, in Cuba.

Between the regulars and the volunteers marched the Navy Brigade, preceded by Commodore Philip and Captains Evans and Jewell of the "Texas," "Iowa" and "Columbia," with the other commanders of warships in the harbor, all in carriages. Captain Sigbee of the "Texas," who commanded, rode a gray horse, which proved so restive an animal that the gallant captain found difficulty in returning the President's salute.

As the last of the jack-tars swept by with arms at port a mighty noise went up, and through a mass of fluttering white handkerchiefs and flags came a tally-ho, with the heroes of the sunken "Merrimac." There were shrill screams of "Hobson, Hobson!" and a slight young man in civilian's clothes was seen to bow right and left, lifting his derby hat. Once more the President waved his hat joyously, and, turning to his nearest neighbor, smiled and said something. Later, at the Clover Club dinner, he took occasion to express his personal pride at the gallant act of Lieutenant Hobson and his men.

An imposing array was made by the seven thousand marching volunteers from Camp Meade, commanded by General Graham. Among them were the colored Ninth Ohio, led by colored officers, and of Pennsylvania troops the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Ninth, Twelfth, Sixteenth, Nineteenth and Twentieth Regiments of the line, besides the old State Fencibles and Second City Troopers. The comic element was furnished by the Two Hundred and First of New York, with a seven-foot drum-major whose acrobatic feats with the drumsticks were such that even the President laughed heartily when he beheld the agile antics of the man.

The element of pathos entered when the grizzled veterans of the Civil War marched by, three thousand strong, and, grouping their colors before the grand stand, dipped their tattered regimental flags in a combined salute to their former comrade, now the chief of the nation.

The civic parade, of Friday, was solely a local affair, yet no smaller nor less interesting, on that account, than the great military turnout of Wednesday. The National Government participated to the extent of allowing the letter-carriers and custom-house officers parade in uniform, and quite slightly and spirited they were, too. National and racial societies of many countries of Europe followed, and there was a strong Chinese contingent that bore a banner inscribed "We Helped Dewey." (Quite a number of Chinese servants of the Pacific fleet did effective service in the powder divisions of our ships in the Manila fight.) More original and suggestive than any other features of the parade were some groups of real Hawaiians and Filipinos.

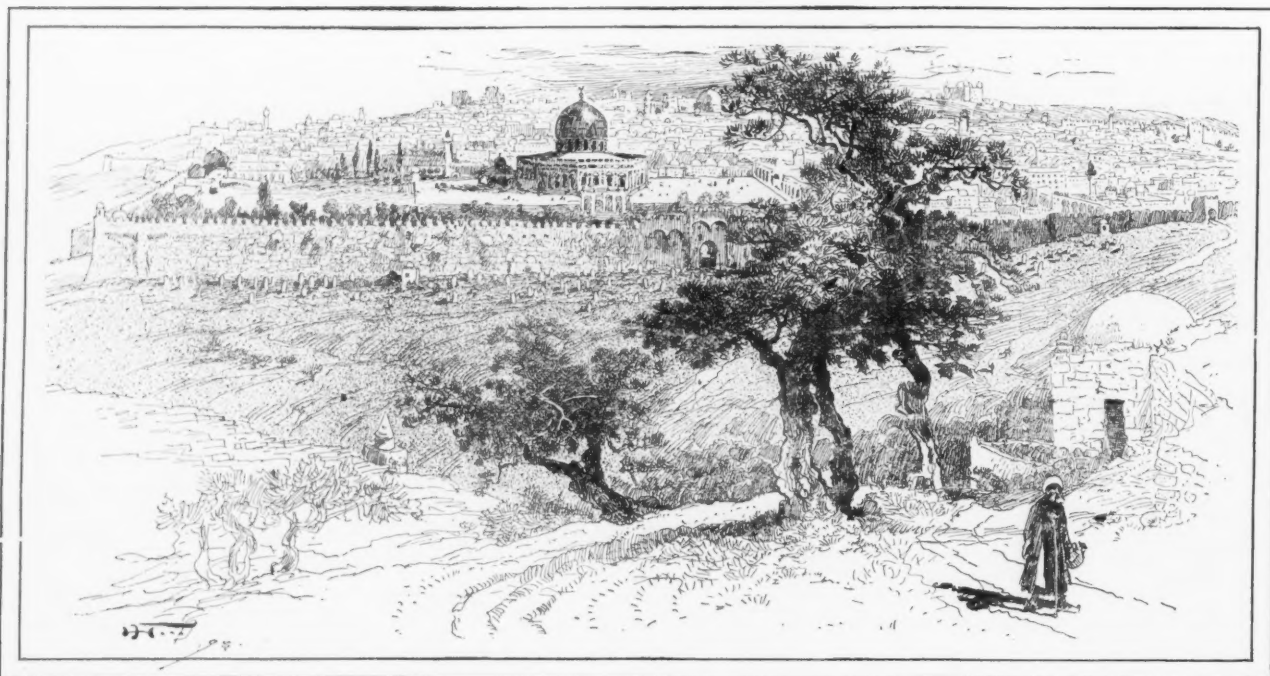
Three men only were lacking to make this great threefold triumph of peace as imposing and lastingly impressive a ceremony as was Queen Victoria's Jubilee in England.

One of them, as President McKinley himself observed, was Admiral Dewey, without whom any triumphal gathering of national heroes must be incomplete. Another was Colonel Roosevelt, whose absence was brought home to his small detachment of Rough Riders in the procession by the oft-repeated cries of the populace—

"Where is Teddy?"

But most of all there was need of a Rudyard Kipling to sing another "Recessional" to our peans of peace lest we, too, forget—"lest we forget."

EDWIN EMERSON, JR.



Drawn by Harry Fenn.

JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

THE KAISER'S PILGRIMAGE

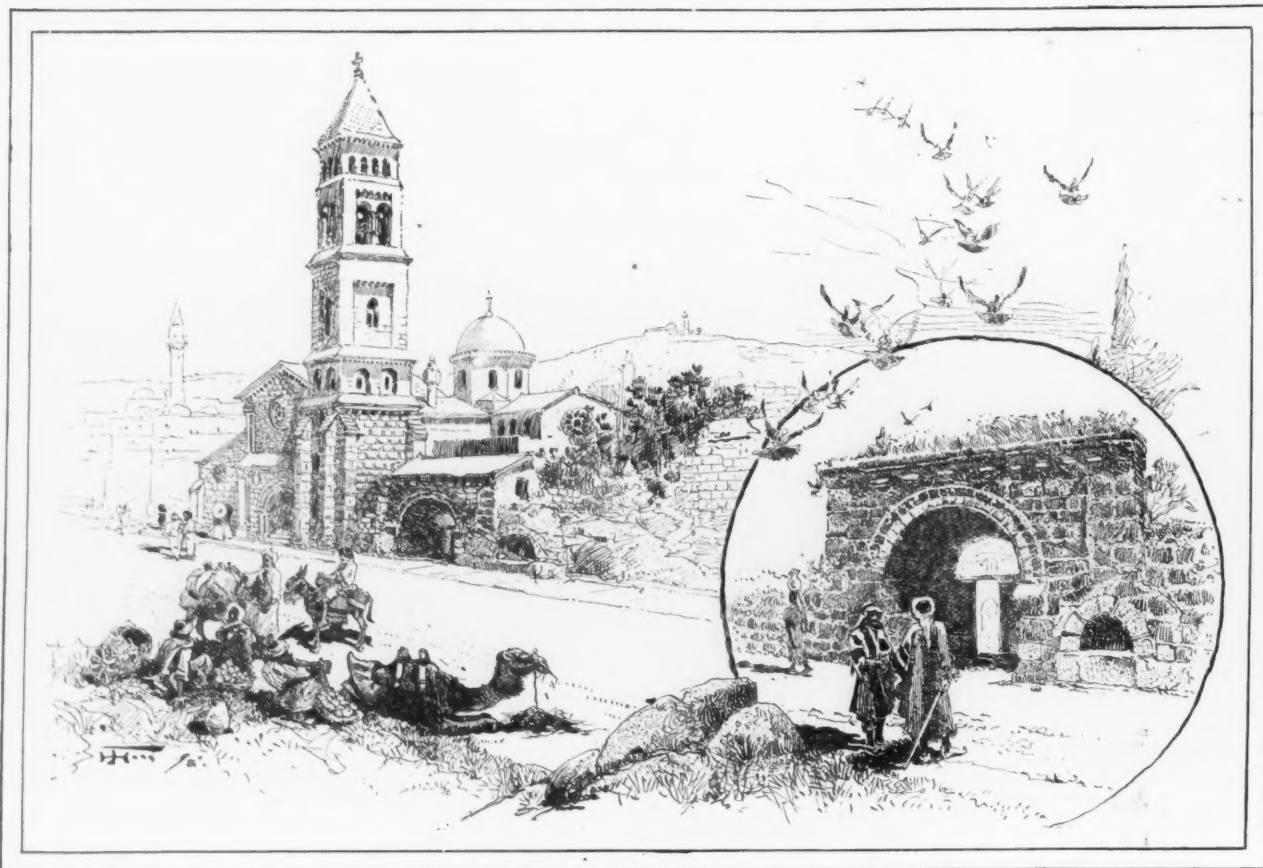
EMPEROR WILLIAMS' tour of the Holy Land began on the 25th ult., when the royal party landed at the mission colony of Haifa at the foot of Mount Carmel. The top of this mountain was the scene of the struggle of prayer between Elijah and the priests of Baal. Jaffa (Joppa), which the Emperor reached on the 27th, is one of the most picturesque, shabby, dirty and distinguished towns in the East. It was the port from which the Prophet Jonah began the most astonishing sea voyage on record; in it was (and is) the house of Simon the tanner, in which lodged Simon Peter when he had a startling vision which greatly increased the breadth of his religious view. Jaffa is the seaport of Jerusalem, with which it is connected by railway, but the Emperor traveled to the Holy City by

carriage; consequently hundreds of women were busy for weeks in gathering stones with which to repair the roadway, all Turkish roads being normally as bad as utter neglect can make them.

On the 29th the royal visitor reached Jerusalem and proceeded on foot to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is not impossible, however, that the Emperor attaches greater importance to the Church of the Saviour, for to be present at the consecration of this edifice, on October 31, was ostensibly the principal purpose of the royal visit to Palestine.

The itinerary of the trip provided for an entire week of visiting in Jerusalem and the immediate vicinity, where much that is to be seen was familiar to the eyes of the prophets and apostles. The architecture of Palestine has changed but little in many centuries; as all houses are of stone, with very thick walls and plain

exteriors, they are proof against fire, decay and the weather. The country has been overrun by many armies; Jerusalem itself was partially destroyed again and again, but in rebuilding there was no change of manner. Nor does the dress of the people vary much from that of Biblical days; shoes have replaced sandals, to some extent, but the other garments of men and women are like unto those of old, and gleaners may still be found in the field of Boaz. From the Mount of Olives the older portion of the city appears about as it did to the earliest pilgrims and crusaders who reached it; the newer sections, conceded to Europeans, are not large, for most of the inhabitants from abroad are Jews, and these, of whom there are many thousands, prefer whatever is oldest and fullest of suggestion of their race, history and religion.



Drawn by Harry Fenn.

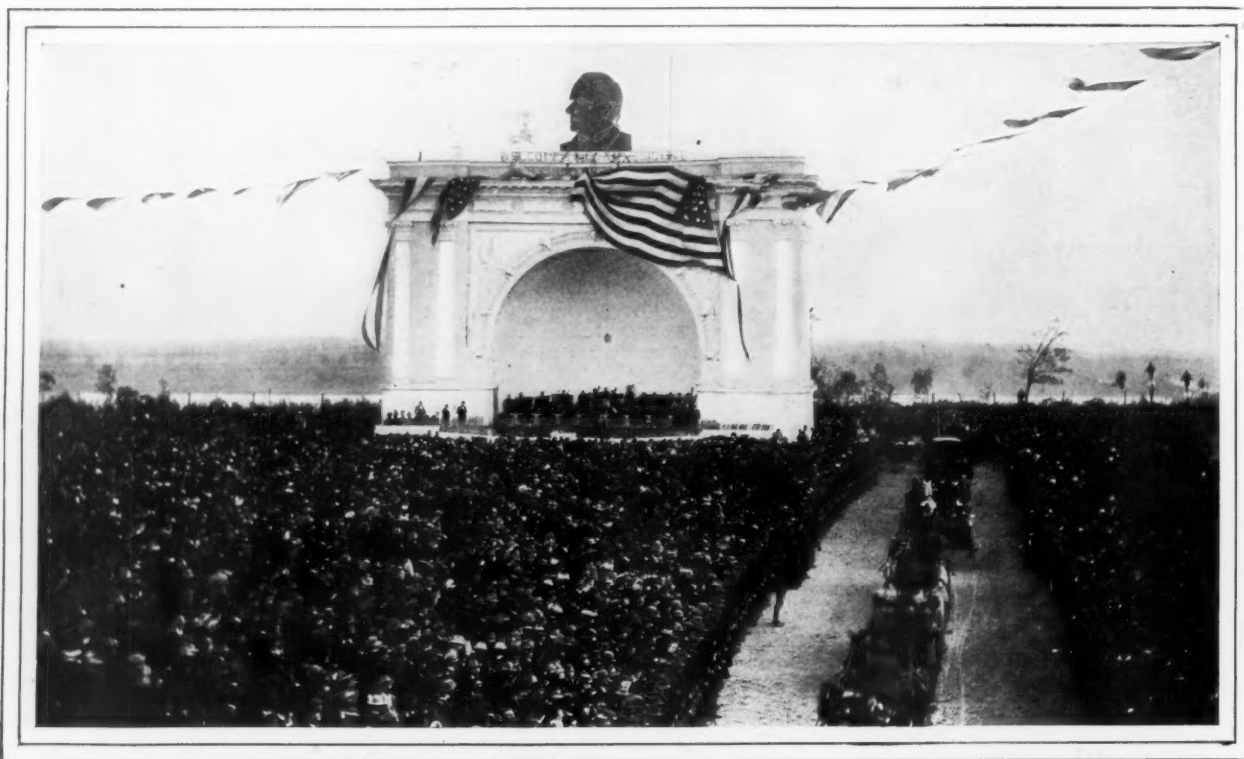
NEW CHURCH OF ST. MARY, JERUSALEM

The Doorway of the Old Church of St. Mary, shown in the Picture at the right, is built into the New Edifice



THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S TOUR OF THE HOLY LAND

1. Jaffa (Joppa). 2. Jews of Modern Jerusalem. 3. Women gathering Stones to repair the Roads before the Emperor's Arrival. 4. German-American Mission Colony at Haifa. 5. Gleaners on the Field of Boaz.



OMAHA'S PEACE JUBILEE—THE ARRIVAL OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY

(Photograph by RINEHART, Omaha)



OUR NOTE-BOOK



RUSSIA'S festivities in the East continue. After the breakfast at Batoum, the surprise party at Merv, the al fresco fête on the Amoor and the dance through Manchuria, there occurred the other evening a banquet at which for *pieces de resistance* were the forts of Niuchang. Presumably an entertainment in Korea is next on the programme, whereupon, wind and weather permitting, will come the grand cotillon in the Yang-tse Valley. In the circumstances it is not surprising that Old England should show her false teeth at France. The Fashoda incident is not timely and much resembles a put-up job. Let the two nations but come to blows over it and there is Russia's enjoyment complete. After a state dinner in the Forbidden City, Peking, illuminated a *giorno*, would blaze with the fireworks of a new encyclical of peace. The result is as obvious as the festivities. It is the reason of the latter which is obscure: Russia dances that she may not weep. She devours in order not to be consumed. The Empire stands confronted with many a danger, and among them the fear of a Yellow invasion is not the least. The Muscovite dominions in Asia are bare as your hand. The average number of inhabitants to the square mile is three. In Siberia the average sinks to one. As a consequence, though Russia wants population, she don't want locusts, and that is what the Chinese are. Thirty or forty million of them could be tossed over into the Primorsk provinces and not a man jack be missed. Yet once there they would first oust the Slav and then eat him up. Hence Russia's festivities of prevention, and hence too her *querrens quem devoret* air.



THE ROUGH RIDERS have—to employ one of those many turns of fancy which give a flavor to our tongue—no flies on them. But it is possible that they have—or had—a few mosquitoes. In any event, their return from Santiago has in this city been followed by cases of malaria. It is not the troops, of course, who are to blame, nor, as was first supposed, is it the mosquitoes either. The latter are now recognized as the vehicle of the germs, but the germs themselves are due to parasites which batten on them. The nature and origin of these parasites, their *modus operandi*, *modus vivendi*, the secret of their venom, together with the means by which they may be fanged, constitute just so many problems which science has yet to solve. The sooner it does so the better. The Governor-General of Cuba is not Blanco but Fever. After the insurrection of 1895 Spain despatched one transport after another until she had landed there nearly a quarter of a million of men. Of these a hundred thousand yet remain. Of the others, seven or eight thousand died in action or from resulting wounds; twenty thousand are on their backs; forty thousand were shipped home to die, and the balance Fever took. There is the real sovereign.

The freedom of the island will not be complete when the Peace Commissioners stop talking and Blanco goes. The conquest of Cuba, to be valid, permanent and worth the while, must be preceded by the conquest of her ruler.



PUERTO RICO has mosquitoes, too, and on them there are parasites also. But, as Professor Koch has demonstrated, there are different kinds of parasites which affect different kinds of mosquitoes. The Puerto Rican variety are less venomous than their neighbors across the way. As a consequence this island, while never yet a haven, has never been a hospital either. Now it appears that a company composed of local capitalists proposes to turn a corner of it into a winter resort. The enterprise merits success, but one may doubt whether it will achieve it. Geographically considered, the location is promising. Too far to allure the excursionist, it is not far enough to deter the leisurely. Climatically it is promising also. Winter there is a real caress. It ought to be just the place for a honeymoon. But it is not attractions geographic, climatic or even bridal that make a resort, it is the stamp, seal and approval of Fashion. Society will be unencounterable. Never since it came into being has it taken an island for playground. Sicily, Corsica, Majorca, the Canaries, any one of these islands and a dozen others could, for mere charm, double discount the entire reach of the Antilles, Lesser and Greater, and no amount of advertising, no amount of enterprise, no combination of attractions has, on any one of them, ever succeeded in securing the presence and atmosphere of Society yet. Lesbos, indeed, did better; but that was twenty-five hundred years ago, and besides, in those days Society was recruited from those who thought and not from those who did not. Times have changed and customs too. Nowadays, Fashion as locally composed does not mind a vestibule limited, but if to reach a winter resort it is obliged to go by sea, every trip it will prefer the Riviera.



SPAIN'S attempt to saddle this country with the Cuban debt is amusing. The offrontery of it is beautiful. But to use the restrained speech of court circles, it won't work. For instance, Germany's attitude *in re* Alsace-Lorraine is cited not as a pleasantry but as precedent. Germany did indeed take over the indebtedness of that province, and with it incidentally a cold billion to boot. There was the bride and there was the dowry. The little bills that had been run up could not without boorish ungallantry be contested. In the case of Cuba there is no dowry. The lady is not a bride, and, moreover, the debt was contracted not on her behalf but for purposes entirely Peninsular. Had the money been expended for her individual wants and comfort, for the embellishment of her beauty, there, as is said on the Prado, might be a mandolin of a different make. But not a bit of it. Part of the coin was squandered on another establishment, and the better portion of the balance in stifling her cries. That, however, though relevant, is beside the real issue. The point is, that while Germany annexed Alsace-Lorraine this country

has not annexed Cuba. As a consequence the attempt to saddle the United States with the debt presents, as does everything else which is narrowly regarded, a certain element of humor. For, after all, now that the island is prospectively free to paddle her own canoe, or, more exactly, now that the object with which the war was waged has been attained, what is Cuba to us or we to Heecuba? Spain's old way of paying new debts is very pretty, but, to borrow a metaphor from diplomacy, it won't wash.



"THE LAND OF CONTRASTS" is the title of an engaging book on this country, by a Mr. Muirhead, in the course of which the author makes a number of remarks which will be instructive abroad and amusing at home. But his characterizations, while happy, are not always accurate. "I have," he says, "hailed with delight the democratic spirit displayed in the greeting of my friend and myself by the porter of a hotel as 'you fellows.'" Now that is not the democratic spirit that is American humor. "And," he adds, "I then had the cup of pleasure dashed from my lips by being told by the same porter that 'the other gentleman would attend to my luggage.'" Mr. Muirhead should have held on tighter to the cup. In it there was not humor merely, but the spirit which he loves—or at least the local brand. Democracy here has never yet meant equality. What it has and does mean is superiority below and inferiority above. The delicious Step Lively of the Broadway conductor is a case in point. Mr. Croker and the judiciary is another.



MR. MUIRHEAD in discussing what he calls a "Briton's View of his American Kin," touches remotely and with a pincer, on the attire of our fellow-citizens. Though he does not so express it, by comparison the costume of a cockney coster is pleasant to the eye. It may be that local taste is not what it should be. Yet even so, it is successful in one respect—it has made us the worst-dressed nation in the world. To the stranger within our gates this is disconcerting. But without the gates it appalls. In Darwin's "Voyage of a Naturalist" the pictures of fierce Patagonians are, in their unclad savagery, as terrifying as any one could wish. In voyages which we have effected in Brightest New England we have encountered beings clothed and in their right mind who would have frightened those savages to death. In the Darkest Australia imagined by R. Crusoe de Rougemont-Munchausen there is for sheer hideousness nothing equal to them. On other and foreign shores the farmer may individually be amiable or the reverse, yet in appearance he gets from Nature a picturesqueness which locally he lacks. But then in Europe Nature is beautified and here she is not, and it may be that the reason why hayseeds look as they do is due to that fact. Through the action of some obscure revenge the slattern her tillers have made her has rendered them unkempt.



"THE AUTHOR," an agreeable transatlantic publication conducted by Sir Walter Besant, exhibits in the current issue an attack of indignation morbus complicated with delirium in the course of which the patient



CAPTAIN DREYFUS.
Whose case is probably to be reviewed by the French Court of Cassation.



BRIG.-GEN. GUY V. HENRY.
Colonel of Tenth Cavalry, Brigadier-General Volunteers and prospective Brigadier-General in Regular Army.



LI HUNG CHANG.
Restored to favor by the Dowager Empress, who has assumed control of Chinese Government.



THE KING OF SAXONY.
Field-Marshal of German Army and Regent of Germany during the Emperor's absence.



MAJ.-GEN. H. W. LAWTON.
A giant in height and physique, yet forced by illness to take leave of absence from the Army at Santiago.



ARCHBISHOP CHAPELLE.
Of New Orleans, appointed Papal Delegate to the West Indian Islands from which Spain is withdrawing.



BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD.
Novelist and essayist, died at Munich, Germany, October 7.



HAROLD FREDERIC.
Author and journalist, died at Kenley, Surrey, England, October 19.



THE EARL OF MINTO.
Appointed Governor-General of Canada, to succeed the Earl of Aberdeen.

sees cheap lodgings tenanted by vagrant writers and superb yachts bulging with superb publishers. The disease is not new, and the visions are symptomatic. In affections of this order the culture developed from the patient's ramblings reveal the bacteria of mistaken avocations. The complaint, while painful, yields readily to proper treatment. The following notes from our private practice may be serviceable to other practitioners: January 4. Case of O. P. Age, 27. American parentage. Bachelor. Marked anemia. Addicted since early youth to light reading. Has produced a novel portions of which he recites. Fears that the proceeds, wrongfully diverted, have turned the publisher's head. Complaints of inadequate attention. Envious, despondent, and, at times, slightly violent. Temperature 102-5. Prescribed "The Lives of the Great Grocers," to be taken after each meal, and Wanamaker's "Library of Literature," just before bedtime. Fee, \$50. March 6. Spirit chastened. Temperature normal. Depression gone. Illusions dispersed. Has gained twenty pounds and set up as haberdasher. Speaks of letters with contempt and of trade with enthusiasm. Regards cure as radical and cheap at twice the money.



VERDI recently completed his eighty fifth year. To the great, immortality comes with death; to him it has come in his lifetime. He deserves it. Of all men now in existence it is he who has afforded the greatest pleasure to the greatest number. Claptrap beside Wagner, tawdry beside Rossini, his mission was to please and his mission was successful. We can't all be critics. The majority of us like to enjoy what there is to be enjoyed without bothering over defects and omissions. And to the majority not alone of this generation but of the last, and presumably of the next, Verdi has appealed, and will appeal, as no one else. There is but one adjective for his work—*musicabellissimo*. In them he is the real sorcerer, the enchanter of hearts, who stirs as no poet can. Music translates itself. It is the vapor of art. It tells what no language can. You interpret it yourself, according to your nature, according to your needs. In the soul there are depths that are silent. To that silence it speaks. It first whispers, then awakes. And no wonder. It is your own story that it is telling. Where is the girl who ever listened

to *Parigi, mio caro* unmoved? Where is the lover who, after hearing the *Ernani involame*, did not love his love the better? The violins execute an aria that seems to mount to the high blue sky and float in space. It tells of ineffable delights. Suddenly the alto sighs, the 'cello shudders. The high blue sky is covered. There is a storm coming. It bursts. But the sun reappears, for a moment only, yet during it the aria mounts like a bird. The tempest increasing, takes it and flings it, breathless, to earth. It is clear to you that the festivals of the heart last but a day, that behind you is a constant denial, that everything must end in the victory of that implacable something which we call fate when we don't call it duty. And then at once, when all seems lost, the divine harmony ascends anew, purer, sweeter even than before, mingling certainty in its suavity, disarming fate, reconquering the high blue sky, telling again of ineffable delights, of joy recovered and hope secure. If one aria of Verdi's can do that, is it any wonder that his operas are loved, is it any wonder that he is; is it any wonder, either, that at Bussato, where he lives, the peasants in the meadows chant as he passes songs from his scores?

EDGAR SALTUS



THE "MARIA TERESA" UNDER

THE SPANISH ARMORED CRUISER "MARIA TERESA," OF ADMIRAL CERVERA'S FLEET, SUNK JULY 3, BEING TOWED

(DRAWN BY L. A. SHAFER, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN)

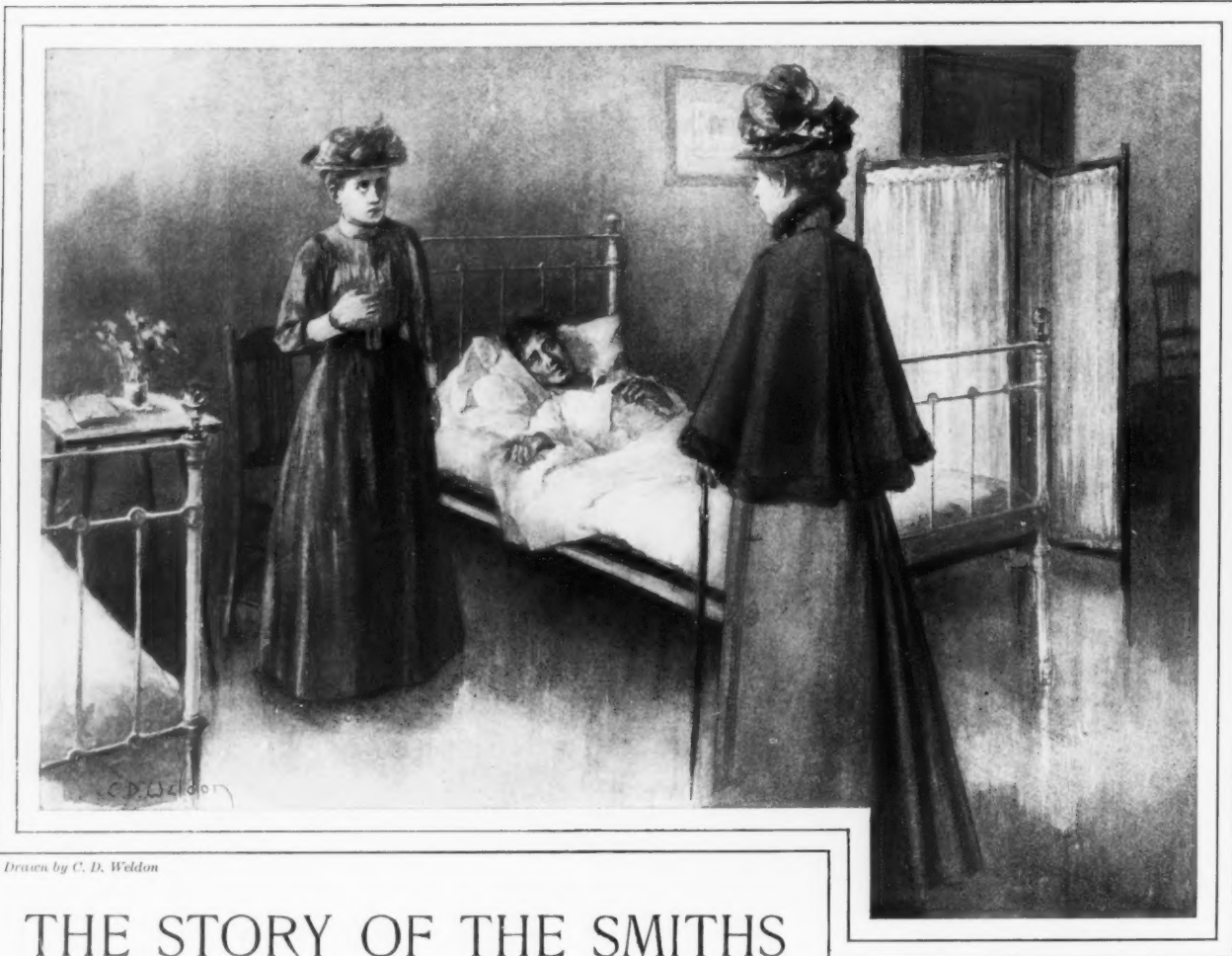


UNDER AMERICAN COLORS

BEING TOWED TO GUANTANAMO BAY TO COAL FOR HER VOYAGE TO THE UNITED STATES—(See page 19)

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN OFF SANTIAGO HARBOR)

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Drawn by C. D. Weldon

THE STORY OF THE SMITHS

BY CAROLINE DUER



IF YOU really want to help somebody," said the nurse, looking at me with critical eyes, "there's a case in No. 11 which seems to me a deserving one. We have a poor man there, who came in last week. He's got an aneurism of the femoral artery—too far gone to operate, they say, though he may live for months—and of course he's got a wife and children to be supported. She's trying to

do washing at home, and I and some of the other nurses have given her things to do for us; but it's not enough. I suppose you couldn't give her washing, but perhaps you know of some one who could; or she might be able to go out by the day, as a cleaning-woman, if you could get some ladies to employ her."

I said it was very hard to find employment among one's friends for perfectly inexperienced washing or cleaning women, no matter how deserving they might be, but that I would do what I could. Perhaps my mother's laundry might graciously accept a day's help now and then, or the other servants find an extra pair of hands useful on high scrubbing occasions.

What was the woman's address? "I don't know," said the nurse. "I only see her here. We'll have to ask Smith, her husband. She comes to see him once a week, and you might arrange to meet her in the ward the next time she comes. If you'd like to speak to him now, I can go in with you; it's just across the hall. Take that child into the bathroom and wash his face, Miss Bailey; he's got potato all over his cheek." And with this parting injunction to her junior, Miss Horton opened the heavy iron-bound door of Ward No. 12, and ushered me across the draughty hall and into the large, high-ceilinged, many-windowed double room which went by the name of Ward 11.

Ward 11 was very warm with steam-heat, and not entirely innocent of unpleasant odors. Its walls were painted a light blue, and had some little, wooden-framed pictures hanging about, here and there, which seemed rather to heighten the effect of bareness. All the beds near the doors and windows were sheltered from the draught by small screens covered with coarse white muslin, and where a patient was desperately ill, or the doctors were making an examination, these were used as a shelter from curious eyes as well. In the middle of the room was a table, at which were seated two convalescents, very busy rolling gauze bandages with a little machine like a toy windlass. Two more were playing a game of checkers, with an old piece of oilcloth for a board, and a pale boy, with his leg in splints, was watching them. An orderly, in a white jacket, was

scolding a great, strong, red-haired giant, who, impatient of long-continued pain, was rolling his head from side to side, and groaning and cursing in his bed in a corner.

Half-way down the ward Miss Horton stopped, and a one-legged man, with a crutch, got up and stumped away from the three-legged stool on which he had been sitting between two beds. One of the beds was empty, and Smith was in the other. The nurse motioned me to sit down.

"This is a lady who wants, if possible, to help you and your wife, Smith," she said. "I couldn't give her the address, and so she thought she'd better see you, and find out what day your wife will be here."

Smith raised himself a little in the bed and looked at me. He had a shock of stiff black hair, a face as white as a clown's, rather large features, and little, wild, reddish-brown eyes, over one of which a cataract was growing. His large, bony hands pulled nervously at the covering of the bed.

"It's very kind of you, miss, I'm sure," he said; "she's in bad need of help and that's the truth—with me in here, and no notion what they'll do for me or when I'll be about again, and them children to look after. I tried faithful to keep the little home together. I was a mason, and a good one, too; but what can you do? I was took sick with my leg here, and all our things went. I felt awful when they took the clock. I'd spent a power of money on that clock; but I've got the ticket for it—or she has—at home, and I'll get it back if ever I get out of here," and his wild eyes glared as he looked about the ward.

"They've given him morphine," said the nurse in a low voice to me; "that's the reason he's so excited; he's quiet enough generally. Well, Smith," she went on, turning to him, "tell the lady when your wife will be here—and then I must leave you," she added to me; "for I mustn't be away from my own place any longer."

"She comes on Wednesdays, usual," said the man, more gently than he had spoken before; "and she'll be here about three o'clock, and she'll stay till you come."

I said I hoped I should be able to help them both, and followed the nurse out of the ward.

On Wednesday I met Mrs. Smith at the hospital. She was sitting by her husband's bed when I went into the male ward, and got up timidly as I approached. She was a thin, meek-looking little woman, with a long, delicate, rather pretty face, and straight, sandy hair. Her voice, when she spoke, was gentle, and a little whiney toward the end of every sentence. Her skirts hung limply round her when she stood, and kicked up at the heels when she walked. Smith introduced her with simple ceremony. He said: "Good-morning, miss; this is Mrs. Smith. I told her as how you said you'd try to help her;" and Mrs. Smith murmured: "I'm sure you're very kind."

I was sure I was very much embarrassed. I did not know what to say to Mrs. Smith, nor, in truth, how I was going to help her. However, I entered into conversation with her husband, and he told me all over again about his efforts to keep the "little home" together, and all their trials since he'd been ill; for though he had only lately come to the hospital, he had been miserable and out of work for some time. They had lost one child, but had two living. Mrs. Smith's mother was a dressmaker, and I gathered from Mrs. Smith's self that her mother had not approved of her marrying Smith—masons being, I suppose, on a lower social scale than dressmakers' daughters. At all events, Mrs. Smith's mother did not seem to help her daughter very materially, unless the occasional loan of a younger sister for the looking after of the Smith children could be called so, and if what the nurse and Smith told me were true, help they certainly required. Lodging, and food, and clothing were things they hardly counted upon from day to day.

The lodging I undertook. I thought I could afford so much a month for the rooms they would occupy, Mrs. Smith having agreed to select them for herself. A certain amount of house-cleaning and washing I would do my best to manage for her in my own home, and I promised, if she did well, to speak about her to other people.

Smith's queer reddish eyes were quite bright with hope when we had finished talking, and he formed the most ambitious plans for getting the clock out of pawn—not to mention the more useful furniture—if she could only manage to keep things going until he got out again.

Poor man, he never seemed to doubt that he would be at work again some day, and explained many times to me what the doctors ought to do for him.

His wife seemed to feel a little aggrieved with him for being ill at all, and so justifying, by his misfortunes, her family's opinion of matches with masons. Not that she said so exactly, but one had the impression decidedly, after listening to her gentle, rambling discourse.

She told me that if it hadn't been for her cousin—a young man employed as gas-fitter by a "big company"—and his help, they'd have been in trouble long before, and she said he was "willing enough to help a bit now, only her husband wouldn't let her borrow no more off him"—so she had to take in washing and try to help herself and the children the best way she could.

I said I really thought her husband was right, and Mrs. Smith looked at me with a sort of furtive resentment.

Time went on, and I became very intimate with the Smiths. I got one or two people interested in the woman, and she used to go out by the day washing and scrubbing while the little borrowed sister minded the children. Mrs. Smith grew quite fat and rosy, and seemed very cheerful. She overwhelmed me with ex-

pressions of gratitude. I kept a roof over their heads. I was a true, kind friend to them—the children prayed for me.

Smith was grateful, too, poor fellow; but he was restless and unhappy. He didn't get well; the doctors didn't do nothing for him. They sometimes talked of operating, but he didn't think they knew what to do, and they'd had him up in the amphitheatre for them students to look at twice that week and hadn't done nothing. He wanted to go home; he could be just as well took care of at home.

It was in vain I represented to him that he got better care, better food, more comfort where he was. He was determined to leave the hospital and go back to his wife and children, and he never saw me without begging me to use my influence with the doctor to let him go—at least for a time. I don't think he was quite easy in his mind about his wife. He was always talking to her about being a good mother to the children, and keeping them straight, and keeping straight herself, and sometimes it occurred to me he was—or had been—jealous of her.

About Christmas-time he begged so hard to go home for a week that I went to the house doctor and got him to set the thing in train. Smith was in great glory; he had saved a few pennies out of some money I had given him when I first made his acquaintance, and bought (of a toy-vender who came through the ward one day with his wares) a little wretched doll's perambulator for one of his children.

This he persuaded the orderly to let him keep under his bed, and he brought it out in great triumph to show to me. I was as sympathetic as possible, and provided a toy for the other child.

Christmas came, and Smith departed. He couldn't walk, and he was allowed to take one of the wheeled chairs from the ward with him. He was whiter than chalk, thinner than a rail, wilder-eyed than ever, and often in pain; but go he would, and go he did in a great state of jubilation.

Ten days or so afterward I went to the hospital to see him, but he hadn't returned, and when I got home again I found Mrs. Smith, in tears, waiting to see me.

Smith wouldn't go back to the hospital when the time came, and nothing she could say or do had any effect. Finally she had sent for the ambulance, but he had made such a scene that all the neighbors had come out and abused her for trying to send him where he refused to go. There had been a terrible time, and the people had taken Smith's part and prevented his going. "What was she to do? She couldn't keep him there—she couldn't take care of him—and he suffered a great deal. 'He's very good, miss,' she said, 'and tries his best to help me with the washing I do at home; but I ain't got the time, nor the place, to take care of him and he's better off at the hospital.'"

I said I'd come and reason with Smith, but I didn't go for some time. It seemed to me, after all, that it wasn't my business to interfere any more than I had done, and I left the whole matter to fate. If Smith wouldn't go back to the hospital he had a right to stay at home.

The house doctor lamented it. He said the man had the ghost of a chance of living, at any rate for months, in tolerable comfort if he had come back to the hospital, but he must be suffering awfully without proper attention at home.

A few days later Mrs. Smith's little sister left a letter at my house to say that Mrs. Smith was too ill to come herself, but wanted to see me; and if her "true friend" would be so kind as to go and see her, she would pray, as she always did, that every blessing should fall on the head of that "true friend" and all her family.

I went. The rooms were in an awful neighborhood, and I was horribly afraid of the people I saw and the

dirt I didn't see. I could avoid what was visible. I rang a jangling old bell, hanging beside an open door which led into a dark narrow hall. A most untidy old woman, so fat that she looked like two old women with one head large enough for both, called downstairs to know what I wanted, and then directed me to a door on the ground floor far down the dingy hall. I opened it, and found myself in a damp little room whose one dirty window was almost on a level with the stone pavement and the worn grass-plot of a slimy little backyard. Silhouetted against the light were the figures of Mrs. Smith's little sister with one child in her arms, and the other standing beside her, holding her dress. Poor little melancholy drudge, who would probably slave all her youth for other people's children and all her old age for her own.

On the floor, almost at my feet, lay Smith on what looked more like a heap of old bedclothes than a bed, and on the other side of the room his wife, evidently in a high fever, was moving restlessly about under an old shawl which covered her but poorly. She had a bundle of clothes of some sort under her head, and was lying, as her husband was, on no softer bedstead than the floor.

I shouldn't have liked Mrs. Smith to intrude unannounced into my private apartment, and I was very uncomfortable at finding myself in hers. But she seemed glad to see me, called her sister to set the only chair in the room for me (I wondered whether the wheeled chair from the hospital had shared the fate of the clock), and began to pour out her troubles in her usual gentle whine. The doctor said she had the influenza. Yes, they had a good doctor; he came often and

gave strong medicine. She'd soon be all right again, but wouldn't I persuade Smith to go back to the hospital? He was that bad in the night she thought he'd die, and she not able to lift a hand to him. He abused her awful, too, sometimes, and it wasn't no place for Aggy, her sister, to be, nor to hear such talk. She could manage well enough, with him away, when she had her health, and while Aggy was there with the children; but her mother was threatening to take Aggy away if things went on as they had been doing, and she'd do it, too.

Plainly poor Smith was better off of it, and after a few more words with his wife, and a few dollars dealt out surreptitiously to Aggy in the corner for the general benefit of the family, I went over to him.

He looked ghastly; his hair was a wild black mop, and his eyes were sunk in his head with pain and sleepless nights. They had kept him properly shaved at the hospital, but now a beard of many days' growth was covering his gaunt face. Indeed, he looked so miserable and so uncomfortable that I anticipated but little difficulty in getting him to go back to the comparative ease and cleanliness of the ward.

But from the first words I spoke I saw it was useless. He acknowledged the pain, the privation, the discomfort; but he would not go. He knew he couldn't be taken care of when his wife was ill, but he'd manage to get along.

"But don't you see," said I, at last, "that you are adding to her troubles? She could work with some heart if she knew you were where you could get the best treatment, but when she is well she hated to leave you here alone and ill, and when she is ill, it just makes it doubly hard for her to know you are suffering so much and she can't get up to help you."

"She can work with heart enough when I'm away, I know that," he answered doggedly; "and she don't want me here. But I know where I ought to be, and that's watching her and the children—and here I'll stay till I can't watch no more. I don't require much help," he went on, "and I don't ask for none. I know it's hard on her to have a husband as can't work to support her, but while I could I kept the little home

faithful, and maybe some day I'll get them things out of pawn and start again."

"You'll have a better chance of that, Smith," said I, "if you go back and let the doctors see what they can do for you now."

"I don't believe they can do nothing, miss," he said; "but I won't let them try till I can't do nothing more for myself and her—that's sure. There's things going on you don't know about."

So I went away and Smith stayed at home.

About a week after I heard he was back in Ward 11, and I stopped to see him. There was a screen drawn round the bed, and the orderly warned me that he was very ill, and in such pain that they had given him a great deal of morphine. "He's just about crazy with it, miss," he said.

I went near the bed. Smith's eyes were dull, and yet they glared, and his voice was high and hoarse. "It seems I went agin the operation," he cried, as soon as he saw me.

"Have they operated?" I said to the orderly, and he answered no, the man was practically dying.

"It seems I went agin the operation," cried Smith again. "But they'll try me again this afternoon if you ask them. It won't be no good, though; nothing will now. I stayed with her as long as it were any good."

The next time I went to the hospital Smith was dead. He hadn't gone against that operation.

Mrs. Smith cried gentle, trickling tears when she told me about it. In a few months she married a rising young gas-fitter, a cousin of hers. Her youngest child, who was born not very long afterward, she called after me.



Drawn by C. D. Weldon

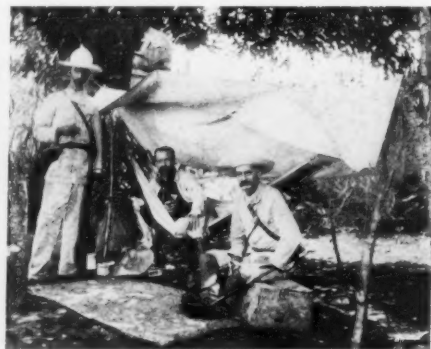


GUAM—OUR ISLAND IN THE LADRONES

1. A Street in San Ignacio, Guam.

2. Belles of San Ignacio.

3. A Group of Natives.



Brig.-Gen. Clous, Secretary.

Admiral Sampson, President.

Captain Hart, Interpreter.

Maj.-Gen. Wade.

Maj.-Gen. Gordon.

THE EVACUATION OF CUBA—AMERICAN, SPANISH, AND CUBAN OFFICIALS IN WESTERN CUBA

1. Don Fernandez de Castro (at right), Spanish Civil Governor of Western Cuba and Havana Province. 2. Don Pancho Dominguez (center) and Don Enrique Valera Zeguiera (right), Cuban Civil Governors of the Provinces of Havana and Matanzas respectively. 3. Spanish Members of Evacuation Commission leaving the Palace to meet the American Delegates. 4. American Members of Evacuation Commission.

HAVANA AWAITING THE CHANGE

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

HAVANA, Oct. 26, 1898

IT WOULD not be far amiss to say that Havana is having days more restless than those of early summer, when Admiral Sampson's fleet lay off the harbor-mouth and bombardment and even a landing of troops were regarded as possibilities. All the people, except a few of the more conceited residents of Spanish birth, contemplate American occupation as a certainty, but they are uncertain as to the date, and are tormented accordingly. It matters little to them what movable appurtenances of the army, the navy and the civil government are to be sent back to Spain; the quarrels between the American and the Spanish commissioners over the ordinance on the fortifications are of interest only to loungers at clubs and cafés, for the sole purpose of guns, heavy and light, is to defend the city, and the most rabid hater of the United States is willing to admit that this country is able than Spain to hold Havana, so long as the American occupation may endure.

What the people of Havana most long for is knowledge as to the date of change of guardians. If long experience in uncertainties had not sealed their lips, all

Havanese of property and business habits, no matter what their past political preferences, would admit frankly that they wish the change might be made at once, so that all uncertainty might end. Havana and Santiago are further apart, for purposes of free communication, than New York and San Francisco, yet Havana's people have found unspeakable satisfaction in such trustworthy reports as have reached them from the city captured by General Shafter's troops and now governed by General Wood. They are convinced that the insurgents will not be allowed to loot Havana, or even to enter the city in armed bodies; that the Americans will not confiscate private property, or exact loans by force, or proclaim inquisitorial police rules, or levy heavy taxes, or devise annoying trade regulations for the purpose of restricting buyers to American markets or to be evaded in part by bribery of officials. Indirectly our rule at Santiago has been of unspeakable service in the pacification of Havana. The business class here, as everywhere else in the world, estimate changes principally by their effect upon business; the merchants here are already assured that they have nothing to fear from American rule, yet there must be many adjustments affecting the pocket, and the methods by which these are to be made are still uncertain factors of the business problem. Prices must fluctuate wildly for a while, and so must the values of the various kinds of money in use. Probably there is more gold in actual circulation in Havana than in New York, and its holders are comparatively safe, but the fate of Span-

ish silver and Spanish paper is still to be determined; until this is done, no one who does business of any kind can know his exact position.

While the people in general lack the philosophical nature of business men, and therefore talk with varying wildness of grief or joy of the coming of the Americans, they too will be glad to see the Captain-General and his troops depart for Spain. The people are poor; experiences like those of Havana in the last two years would impoverish almost any American city. Most of the people are hungry; all kinds of food material is more costly than ever and money is scarcer, business having been utterly stagnant for almost a year. They are assured that with the beginning of a period of certainty all the factories and other local industries will require labor and will put money in circulation.

Therefore necessity, if not affection, is preparing an easy way for such military and civil rule as the United States may establish in the ancient capital of Cuba.

It cannot be said that any class of the inhabitants is longing for an influx of civilians from the United States. Men with ability and willingness to spend money will be heartily welcomed, but the Spanish-Americans in Cuba, as in our sister republics, are suspicious and jealous of any outsider who comes among them for the purpose of bettering his own condition. On the other hand, even the typical Yankee will find his match among the ordinary business men of Havana, than whom no one knows better the value of a dollar.

B. H. A.

LITERATURE

HAWAII AND A REVOLUTION. By MARY H. KROUT. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

AMERICA'S FOREIGN POLICY. By THEODORE S. WOOLSEY. New York: The Century Co.

THE DESTROYER. By BENJAMIN SWIFT. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.

GOOD AMERICANS. By MRS. BURTON HARRISON. New York: The Century Co.

NEITHER Miss Krout nor Professor Woolsey persuades the unprejudiced mind that public opinion, though there may be a great deal of it, is mighty in Hawaii. Nor do they upset the view that in the last resort the Hawaiian contention was one of conflicting political interests—the native, which saw advantage in an unrestricted opium trade, in lotteries, and in any easy road to wealth, and the foreign, which was for the sugar and other reputable industries. The foreigners were aware that without political stability the development of commerce and industry must remain precarious and insecure, and, if the revenues were drained to amuse the caprices of a Kalakaua, problematical. They were nothing loth, either, to place themselves under the shelter of an expansive tariff. The annexationists surely passed few sleepless nights over the invention of schemes of happiness for Kanakas and lepers. The Hawaiians proper, so Rear-Admiral Beardslee has explained in the "North American Review," were deeply attached to Queen Liliuokalani and detested annexation. This is not spoken of by the author of "Hawaii and a Revolution," who insists on the corruptness and incapacity of the native, while she lauds the integrity and ability of the foreign administrators, and of Sanford B. Dole in particular. The antithesis she sets up by assertion rather than by argument. Ladies have that privilege. They are also permitted to criticise their enemies' clothes. Mr. Blount's displeased Miss Krout, who, nevertheless, does substantial damage to the Cleveland cause in the matter of Hawaii. In Professor Woolsey's essay, written five years ago, we find that neither the monarchial nor the revolutionary party was hostile to the United States, whose intervention therefore seemed unnecessary. Annexation, thought the Professor, would not increase American traffic with Hawaii, that country exporting ninety per cent of her products to this, which supplied eighty per cent of Hawaii's imports. Webster, Tyler, Seward, and Blaine declared America's traditional policy, of keeping her finger out of foreign pies, to hold good for Hawaii, and the Professor is with them. But his own pithy philosophical maxim, the crystal of Spencer's and Le Bon's elaborate disquisitions, that the character of a people counts for more than its form of government, explodes the pretensions of his jolly, lazy, unthrifty, improvident friends in the Sandwich Islands.

Nature accommodates the Sandwich Islanders with food on the lightest terms. Their staple diet is *poi*, extracted from a plant called *taro*. *Poi* is a dirt-colored paste, tasting something like buckwheat batter. A small patch of *taro* will yield a family sustenance for a year. The temperature rarely falls below sixty degrees Fahrenheit, and the national garb for females is the cotton *holoku*, worn over a shirt and petticoat. Jewelry is free; it consists of orange blossoms, gardenias, tuberose, stephanotis, heliotrope, and nasturtium, wound into coronets and necklaces known as *lets*. So may the faithful Kokuia have been adorned, that

tried, as we read in one of R. L. Stevenson's tales, to save her husband Keawe from the dreadful Bottle Imp at the peril of her own soul. Honolulu is a remarkably clean town; flowers trail on fences and walls; the dwellings are well furnished, and the shops are stocked like those of Vienna and Philadelphia. The all-conquering tram-car takes up a broad strip of the narrow business streets, but is little used by the foreigners. The servants in Honolulu are nearly all Chinese and efficient, and do not sleep in their masters' houses. The author of "Hawaii and a Revolution" relates that an ill-bred individual having left a liquid tobacco *souvenir* on her veranda, her John Chinaman, arriving with his mop, commented: "Some man spit velly bad." The gentle art of idling is both understood and practiced by the indigenous population. The women squat on the sidewalk, where they twine their *lets*, smoke, sleep, and play with their pets, little pigs and dogs. Incidentally, but never vehemently, they offer fruit for sale. The male native tills the soil and carries burdens only by compulsion. By inclination he hunts, fishes, sings, and gambles—but what has he to forfeit except his trousers?—and in the intervals of these pursuits

"Bask in the glare, or stem the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the goods they gave."

The well-to-do, we gather from Miss Krout, are on the social level of the Boulevard Haussmann. Pictures, busts, tasteful draperies, handsome rugs, and the newest books and magazines fill the rooms. The children are sent abroad to be educated, though illiteracy has been almost extinguished by the local public schools. The outdoor recreations are riding and swimming. The ladies are very Amazons, and oh! they all straddle their horses! It is contrary to etiquette to allude, in the presence of visitors, to subjects of persons not well known to them. New York and London please copy. The ladies of Boston—no, Hilo is the name of the place, read and discuss "Henry IV." Hilo's diversion is Shakespeare; Hilo's glory is the new woman. A lawyer, two doctors, and the deputy sheriff were of the soft sex at the time of Miss Krout's visit.

The Century Company has collected into book form various papers on political topics by Theodore S. Woolsey, lecturer on international law at Yale. The readers of this WEEKLY who have been patient enough to attend to the remarks above may be interested to know that the essay on Hawaii referred to is one of the most notable in Professor Woolsey's book. In "The Future of the Philippines" the arguments published in the newspapers this last half-year are anticipated. "Our Duty to Spain," written in 1896, is pointed at filibustering. The Behring Sea Fisheries and the Nicaragua Canal are the subject of four essays. Of permanent value is "Some Thoughts on the Settlement of International Controversies." Briefly stated, the main principles enunciated in this volume are: Only danger to American interests justifies action against foreign countries. No territorial expansion. The ruling of expert opinion. Polite diplomacy. Arbitration. Respect for international usages. Peace and good-will between all the nations of the earth.

The author of "The Destroyer" has been consorting with great literary lights, either in the flesh or in print. He is in sympathy with many of the ways of thinking of Ibsen, Maeterlinck, and Anatole France, and himself is capable of trenchant expression. But the various clever philosophies he has met with he has swallowed rather than assimilated; they seem to have been to him sensations rather than intellectual sustenance. So he has not yet formed a thorough, systematic philosophy of his own, based on deep investigation and intimate persuasion. But the making of a good novelist is in

him because he can create and maintain suspense, because he has strong ideas, because his literary schooling is catholic, and because he is an artist.

The sarcastic title "Good Americans" summarizes the cullings from a sociological scrapbook in which Mrs. Burton Harrison found types of the artificial, ostentatious, obtrusive, globe-trotting, title-hunting New York parvenu, who, endeavoring to copy the English aristocrat, eclipses the English snob. "Good Americans" are mostly women of all ages and rather young men, for must not the fathers of families "tear and strain and fret to get money at any cost" for expenditure by "the chafing, ambitious, dissatisfied women behind them, urging them on?" The question is asked by vigorous, unconventional Mr. Carnifex, evidently not a "good" American, since his daughter laments: "It's a deadly fate, father, that you are so yourself." Miss Carnifex has set her cap at Peter Davenant, a brilliant New York lawyer, also not a "good" American, who prefers fair, fashionable Sybil Gwynne. His strong personality and his professional reputation carry the day over courtly handsome Captain Cameron, heir to a great name and fortune, and attached to the staff of the Governor-General of Canada. Brief acquaintance, with scarcely a pretense at courtship, seems to the author a sufficient prologue to a sentimental declaration in a canoe. But for these lapses of probability Mrs. Burton Harrison atones by skillfully steering the honeymooners to the Levant, about which she writes animated pages, all life and color. Mrs. Davenant's adoration of her clever Peter does not teach her frugal housekeeping. She must have fine clothes and supernumerary domestics, must go to dinners, balls, and operas, and must bicycle in Central Park with high-collared, gaudy-stockinged, futile youths—just as before marriage. All this is incomprehensible to Davenant, not a rich man, and whose gospel is Work and Duty. At this point the author, having gained the reader's sympathy for Davenant, and inspired him (the reader) with vague hope for Sybil's redemption from folly, feels the obligation to rescue the principals from fate. The secondary characters of the story are comfortably disposed of, but remain, alas, "Good Americans."

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Chicago's largest music house, Lyon & Healy, has just bought for a fraction of its cost, the entire stock of Lyon, Potter & Co. These splendid pianos are offered without reserve until all are sold. In this stock are about 100 new Steinway pianos, and hundreds of new and second-hand pianos, including instruments of the following well-known makes: Sterling, Huntington, A. B. Chase, Vose, Fisher, Weber, Chickering, G. W. Lyon, etc., etc. In square pianos there are fine-toned instruments at \$25, \$40, \$60, and upwards. In Upright Pianos neat instruments at \$100, \$120, \$140, \$150, \$165, \$190, \$200, and upwards. In Baby Grands some nice specimens at \$250 and upwards. Nearly all these pianos were intended to sell for at least double these clearing sale prices. This is an opportunity that will not occur again, as the firm of Lyon, Potter & Co. carried one of the finest piano stocks in the country. Immediate attention is therefore necessary. A good plan would be to order a piano, leaving the selection of it to Lyon & Healy. However, they will send a list and full particulars upon application. Any piano not proving entirely satisfactory may be returned at their expense. Address simply, Lyon & Healy, Chicago. Distance is no obstacle in taking advantage of this remarkable chance to obtain a piano, for in proportion to the saving to be made the freight charges are insignificant. If you do not already know Lyon & Healy by reputation any banker will assure you of their entire responsibility and record of over a third of a century for honorable dealing. Write to-day so as to avoid disappointment.

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THE NOVEMBER CENTURY, ready Tuesday, November 1st, will contain the first part of Captain Sigsbee's personal narrative of the destruction of the "Maine." Here, for the first time, the commander of the ship gives in a full and authoritative manner his account of the memorable events connected with the "Maine," including important facts and details not before made public. The story will have a tremendous popular interest. Authentic photographs and drawings will illustrate it. Captain Sigsbee's story will be complete in three numbers. Lieut. Hobson's graphic narrative of the sinking of the "Merrimac" will begin in the December CENTURY.

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OF THE "MAINE"

should be sent in early if subscribers wish to receive a copy of the first edition of the November CENTURY containing the richly decorated cover, by Grasset, the famous French poster-maker. The second edition of the magazine will have only a plain cover. All dealers take subscriptions (\$4.00—begin with November), or remittance may be made to the publishers,

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THE LADY OF THE FLATTERERS

EXTREMELY few women are completely flattered to-day. The maid whom there were none to praise is the most frequent maid in the world—to praise, that is, with round flatteries. Every woman in all time receives the implicit praises of those that seek her out from among the other women resembling her to the impartial eye, more or less. And every man sketches the praises of her whom he admires, if only by talking to her an extra five minutes, or by calling often, or by the other acts permitted within the extremely limited manners of modern days. But these are not flatteries. The flatterers in the days of flattery were exceedingly articulate. They withdrew their eyes betimes from the lady so as not to complicate the Impression, and looked within—looked into their own minds—where everything was in order and readiness. Their readers might perhaps gather her character, very industriously, by noting which virtue is mentioned first and which other virtue takes the secondary place, as an antithesis or by way of check to the possible excesses of the first. It may be that the grave flatterer did catch from the living woman a suggestion that she was generous, and therefore it is that the balance of her "economy" does but round and settle the sentence; or he was aware of her beauty, and for that reason is her wit made to adjust, quickly indeed, but still secondarily, the symmetry of his praises. With this hint it may be possible to get some very discreet idea as to how the lady bore herself. But if it is just possible, it is no more; for the phrase had to bear itself, as well as the lady, and if her "good sense" is made to wait upon her "improved capacity," it may, after all, only be that the longer word makes the more graceful passage, and the shorter the fuller close. If so, the search is hopeless, and her temperament must remain forever the secret of her virtues.

So it was with Mrs. Evelyn, who gave Dr. Bohun his occasion for antithesis, even as her husband set the swinging sentences settling to their equilibrium in honor of Mrs. Godolphin, that pious maid of Charles the Second's court. It was a way of praise that certainly spared the labor of thought (for the labor of deciding upon the virtuousness of virtues was done for Dr. Bohun before his time), and therefore very justly imposed the labor of composing. After moving, in spirit, as the *cis-a-vis* to Dr. Bohun, in his ceremonious dance of diction in Mrs. Evelyn's honor, the reader sits down with a sense of vague completeness. Everything has been said. If one of the mental, or spiritual, or physical graces had been left without its mention, or at least its allusion, we might have discovered in this omission a chink, as it were, a peep-hole, whereby we might get a glimpse of her—the suggestion, at any rate, of a characteristic negative. But Dr. Bohun is too wary and too deliberate for us. What if all the graces are not standing at attention in the lady? They are standing at attention within Dr. Bohun's biographical intelligence. There is one thing to be gathered—Mrs. Evelyn wrote very long sentences. Every one wrote very long sentences at that time when on literary duty, but hers must have struck the Doctor—if that kind of Doctor could ever be said to be struck—because he dwells upon the matter with some weight. At least he tells us that her periods were flowing and long. Then of course comes the balance. "Though they launch out so far,

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They are strict to the rules of grammar, and ever come safe home without any obscurity or incoherence." What is of more importance is that she could write so grave and charming a sentence as this of a friend who had died: "He has changed the scene to him and us."

To the reader not obstinately bent upon the symmetry of prudence with benevolence, of ease with eloquence, of good-nature with discernment, and so forth, it might seem as though Mrs. Evelyn had, if anything, allowed severity to take possession of the better part of her sentences upon her son: "Much is to be wished on your behalf," she says roundly; "that your temper were humble and tractable, your inclinations virtuous, and that from choice, not compulsion, you make an honest man." Then she tells him with what aversion he should look upon the failings and falls of men, and does not spare him Sparta and the halcyon.

Meanwhile the conscientious John Evelyn was flattering the Duchess of Newcastle. This lady of the flatterers gave him something more to work with than letter-writing and the virtues; for she was an author. He could therefore laud her without the pauses of the perpetual antithesis; he could be tedious straight on; and he was so. His praises became catalogues; he compared her with lists of women. But even so he is not bad reading; for, being lucky enough to write the English of the seventeenth century, he could not give her general flattery without some nobility and sweetness in his phrase, as when he honors her for her "incomparable spirit," or, again, when at the beginning of his coldly fulsome letter, he fears lest "the indignity of his style should profane a thing so sacred." "Never," says the exact Evelyn, "do I call to mind your person but to rank it among the Heroines and constellations of the Graces." And this gives him his opening. He starts fairly with Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, and then he goes on: "What should I speak of Hilpylas, the mother-in-law of young Plinie?" What indeed? Though not even a saint is admitted to the Calendar but she is made to take rank by her positive or negative relation to a man, and is marked down as widow or virgin, or as "a holy woman who was neither widow nor virgin," still the fame of a mother-in-law is rather indirect. The Calendar does not seem to contain any "Saint Such-an-one, mother-in-law."

Evelyn says he passes the mother of the Gracchi to come to "later wits," but he does not really pass her—not he; he has her, sure enough, in the list, so that nothing very conspicuous in antiquity may be wanting from his sacrifice to the Duchess of Newcastle: "Your Grace has title to all their perfections." Because his Duchess's name was Margaret, Evelyn gathers the Margarets of medieval history and binds them together for her, "that name having been so fertile for Ladies of sublimest Genius." But he does not stop for them; he simply labors on, and schedules all the women whose names history has recorded without obloquy. It is only women that she is to surpass, but she shall surpass these in a body. Yet curious would it be if, when a man wrote anything an Evelyn admired, he should think it apropos to make a rapid comparison of that man with other men—with other men because of their sex.

On his long journey through the ages on the business of the lady he flatters, Evelyn mentions without distress the work of one audacious Lucretia Marinella, "who writ a book, *Dell' Eccellenza delle Donne, con diffetti e mancamenti degli Huomini*." Might it not be the title of some crudity of our own day? Only that our titles are much less candid and complete. "All these, I say, summed together, possess but that divided which your Grace retains in one."

But the lady of all true flattery is the Lady

of the Ode: that Anne Killigrew who chanced to cause Dryden to conceive and manifest the Vestal of his verse. Who can wish for the authentication of praises that justify themselves and are their own proof? If Anne Killigrew had really written good verses, Dryden might have had the lesser beauty of the fact in place of his dream. As it was, his Ode went free. It matters little what name, if any mortal name, was hers whose "wit was more than man, her innocence a child"; it matters little whose name it was, or whose name it is to be. Perhaps the race of man has not borne her yet. But whether she have already mended the choir of her celestial kind of poets in either world, or whether that chorus shall always lack this actual soprano, the majestic company of the master's choral thoughts, wanting the dream of her, had wanted more than the soprano note. The deepest note of his own grave voice had been to seek. The possibility of Anne Killigrew was Dryden's opportunity. And that possibility was a gift to him from the young maid's life, her verse, and death. Through that which she tended to be did he bring himself to pass. What was her falling short? Her Ode did not fall short, and her poet therein fulfilled himself.

These are the flatteries that make something besides legendary ladies, inasmuch as they make the just poets perfect. The divine lady of a divine poet took life in this English Ode of praise.

ALICE MEYNELL

OUR NEWEST ARMORED CRUISER

(See Double-page Picture)

THE "Maria Teresa," flagship of the Spanish fleet which Admiral Cervera attempted to take away from Santiago, is by far the most valuable war-vessel ever taken by one navy from another. The greatest battleships captured in European wars cost, at the utmost, a million dollars each; the first cost of the "Maria Teresa" was about three millions. She is but forty feet shorter than the "New York," late the flagship of the Gulf Squadron, has a displacement of seven thousand tons, her engines are of thirteen thousand horse-power, and her speed, as called for by contract, is twenty knots. Her armor belt is twelve inches thick; that of the "New York" is but four. The armament of the "Maria Teresa" contains some guns larger than the United States or even Great Britain has ever mounted on cruisers; they are 11-inch rifles, two in number, and each in a barbette turret ten and one-half inches thick; so the vessel might rank with battleships of the second class, except that she is swifter than any battleship afloat.

When, after several weeks of work under the direction of Lieutenant Hobson, the "Maria Teresa" was floated from the reef upon which she had grounded while trying to gain the beach it was found that her engines were in good order and her main battery intact. Fire had destroyed most of her woodwork, but her framework, armor and plating (except for the portion broken by the reef) were uninjured, and it is expected that at about the time these lines are being read she will be proceeding, under her own steam, to the Norfolk Navy Yard to be docked, receive final repairs and be placed in commission as the newest cruiser of the United States Navy.



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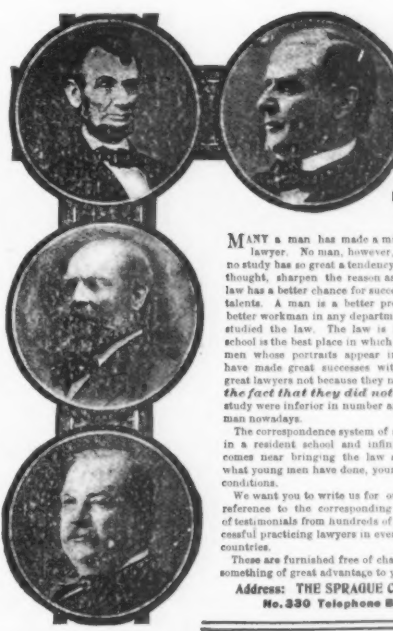
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We sell groceries at wholesale prices, and we want to place a sample lot in your home. We can save you from 10 to 25 per cent on all your purchases, and to prove our statement have made up what we call a "sample order," itemized in this ad., which amounts to \$15. We want you to try the groceries and convince yourself that our goods and prices are all we claim. We know that you will help advertise us and will buy all your supplies from us after receiving this "sample lot" to be used as a test trial and returned if not all claimed.

Our Sample Order

50-lbs. best granulated sugar	\$2.50
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12 boxes parlor matches, 200-box	.30
6 cakes toilet soap, 10c. size	.40
1-lb. shredded coconut	.10
1 box stove polish	.10
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NOTE—We have hundreds of other testimonials of a similar nature, but lack of space prevents our publishing them in this article.

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SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR ON FIELD AND WATER

"Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"

Yale defeated West Point, last Saturday, 10 to 0, one touchdown in each half being all Yale could do. West Point had improved wonderfully since she met Harvard and played in nearly her last year's splendid form. Yale did the best she could, with none of her regular backs except McBride playing, and it required the utmost of the men who played to win. Yale's first touchdown was a result of Yale's first opportunity to score. When the West Point center passed the ball over Romeyn's head, at his next kick McBride ran back far enough to allow Yale to put it over by some well-directed plays on West Point's left tackle. Yale's score in the second half was made after Yale had secured one of McBride's kicks on West Point's twenty-yard line, and by continually using Marvin on West Point's left tackle, scored again just before the game was over. Kromer used better judgment than he did in the Harvard game, and in each half gave himself a chance to score a field goal; both were good kicks, and narrowly missed. West Point was able to gain ground, and carried the ball to Yale's fifteen-yard line in the second half. West Point was able to stand up before Yale's line, while she could not do this in the Harvard game; this accounts for her gains. Waldron got around Hubbel, as he did around Cochrane, for a run of thirty-five yards, and this, with McBride's running back of Romeyn's punt and Wear's run of thirty yards just before the game closed, were the only long gains. West Point gained twenty yards in the second half on a well-executed quarter-back kick. Yale was in the defensive about as much as West Point, and most of the time honors were even. Chamberlain and Brown were too much for their opponents, but the rest of the Yale line found its match. There was a good deal of kicking, and West Point outdid Yale. For the most part McBride's punting was irregular, and neither he nor Sullivan could catch any punts to speak of. West Point almost invariably ran back kicks.

The best game of the football season thus far was played at Philadelphia Saturday. Chicago brought on a team full of clever tricks and a kicker whom it was a pleasure to watch. Surprises were the order of the day, and almost before they knew how it was done, Pennsylvania found herself on the defensive and Chicago in the lead. The Westerners crumpled up "Guards back," and the Pennsylvania's defense could not gauge Chicago's end runs and tricky double passes. Then Hershberger was outpunting Hare and aiding his team to mean a yard in this way; but the second half told a different story, and the incessant hammering beat the Westerners into lifelessness. Their own offense suffered, and their defense became weaker and weaker, until Pennsylvania had the score 23 to 6. Then Hershberger, whose kicking outclassed that of any Eastern man, came to the rescue, and by a field kick from placement he sent the ball forty yards for a goal. He never missed getting off his punt, and sent several between forty and fifty yards, while he was a distinct menace at any point inside the forty-five yard line.

Harvard had a hard proposition in the Indians, who played a stronger game than they did at New Haven. The final score is a distinct triumph for Carlisle, and the comparison between that score and that of the Yale-Indian game gives Harvard men throughout the country disagreeable feelings.

Princeton-Brown game demonstrated that Princeton's line is strong and that it will be able to give the backs a fair chance. The reaction after the miserable playing against Pennsylvania State was marked, and Princeton's friends are picking up heart.

The prospects at Harvard are decidedly encouraging. The team has been properly handled, and should play a better game than for several years past. Harvard has carried her material for a strong center very well, and with steady urging in the right direction. This has produced solidity. Boal should be kept in his place at left guard, and it seems a waste of time to let him run with the ball from back of the line. How Harvard could have thought of playing him at half-back is a mystery, especially as Boal's qualifications for a back are limited, and Harvard has a splendid lot of natural backs to choose from. Boal's running at West Point was futile. We shall probably see him drawn back of the line occasionally, however, and he hits hard. Bouvé tried this plan for Harvard last year, with no especial result save the unnecessary tiring of a good guard. Donald, Mills and Houghton, the likely men for Harvard's tackles, all need attention. Not one of them is yet able to get down and do the regular tackle work, though all of them can do some other things very well. Foy was more than a match for Burnett in the West Point game, frequently breaking up plays well behind Harvard's line. Mills gets through better than either of the others, but comes far from playing his position as it should be played. Houghton is more suited for the tackle position, though he has hardly the disposition for the steady dogged part of this difficult and most important position. With both Donald and Mills, he has good physical qualifications. Houghton's general play is too high, and he does not get through at all. Donald can well make the place. The Harvard ends are somewhat further along than her tackles, and Cochrane is at present rather more clever than Hallowell. The tendency of both these men to hold is apparent, and what they can do in getting an end or

tackle out of the way without doing this remains to be seen. Both men are strong and willing, and good tacklers who cover the field well and will do so still better in the Pennsylvania game. They will hardly equal Cabot and Moulton this season, and enough gains were made around them at West Point (particularly Waldron's run of thirty-five yards around Cochrane) to show that these positions needed some attention. Altogether we have seldom seen more general football progress, both in the line and behind it, than Harvard has made this season. At present the center trio and ends are about on a par, with the tackles not quite up to them. Behind the line Harvard is very strong and shows much promise. She is quite up to Yale in material for her back field and well in advance of Pennsylvania. If the rush line can be whipped into speed enough to keep out of Dibblee and Kendall's way, and at the same time interfere a little, Harvard will have some sure ground-gainers. Daly is a good quarter-back, and passes the ball very well. His generalship is not above the average, and though a hard he is not a very strong tackler. He runs cleverly through a broken field after he has caught a punt, and it seems to be Harvard's intention to rely on him to handle kicks, with Dibblee back, too, when he can get there. Daly's interference is not strong as yet. In Dibblee and Kendall Harvard has two excellent backs, with Kendall the surer ground-gainer. Kendall's play in the West Point game was very strong in all departments, and he never lost ground, while Dibblee was tackled behind his line several times and stopped short when he attempted to go through the center of the line. Dibblee's experience perhaps makes him a more valuable man than his companion, but Kendall's running shows great promise. Where Dibblee dodges and makes brilliant progress, if he escape being tackled for a time, Kendall uses a swerve of his body, quite as effective as a dodge, and gains ground. Warren has been playing full-back a little, and in the West Point game his playing was not noteworthy in that position. Reid is the best man Harvard has for full-back, and is a very powerful and effective interferer. Dibblee, Daly and Reid will probably fill three of the positions behind Harvard's line, unless Daly's bruised leg keeps him out, and Kendall has the lead for the other half-back position at present. Harvard's interference is not yet sufficiently helpful to the runner, but the men seem to secure a good formation after advancing a few yards. As was the case last year, Dibblee is not in touch with his interference. Harvard is playing her full-back about the same distance in front of the half-backs as he usually plays back of them. From this position the interference gets started well and the full-back is perhaps in a better position to hit the opposing end. Harvard is developing her kicking game, and Cochrane, Daly, Reid and Houghton are all being used. Cochrane gets the best distance. Harvard's early work, marked as it was by most mediocre play, has given way to a steadiness seldom seen in teams from Cambridge, and particularly difficult to inculcate into a comparatively green line.

During the last week or so Harvard has shown little trace of that erratic play noticeable in the middle of October, and it is this greater regularity of performance which should be most encouraging to Harvard's supporters. On the whole, if this improvement in holding qualities in the line be not offset by a loss of that scoring ability upon which I have already commented in an earlier issue, and which Harvard has invariably displayed in her meetings with Pennsylvania, then certainly the University of Pennsylvania is destined to have a hard fight before them, and they will need all their greater experience and method to match the dash of Harvard. The Chicago game at Cambridge showed an ability to score on the part of Harvard that only carries out the statement I made in an earlier issue, that the Harvard team is a scoring one, and not a team that plays out its game between the two twenty-five-yard lines. The question now is, how will they be handled in a game? Will they be made to run when they should kick or kick when they should run, as have so many Harvard teams before them? Will their play be directed at the weaknesses of their opponents, or merely hammered along indiscriminately and hence in a measure wasted? Dibblee and Daly must answer that question.

Since our last issue the University of Pennsylvania has evidently discontinued the attempt to make backs out of guards, and has determined to take such material as is already provided, and with it endeavor to strengthen the back field until it shall do its work properly. There has been some defection in act, if not in spirit, among some of the men on the method of defense, at least so Coach Woodruff is reported to have observed, and if that be the case he is quite justified in censuring it most severely; for no method, no matter how good, can stand if each man does not perform his own proper share of the work, and that, too, in exactly the way laid down by the coach. To have some of the men adopting one style of defense and the rest another means no defense at all, and a sort of chaos in the end. But the two lessons of the Brown game and the Wesleyan game have been worth a great deal to Pennsylvania; for the team was drifting on to the rock of showy play, lacking in striking force, and the real weakness would not have otherwise become apparent until in the very midst of the Harvard game. Just as, last year, Harvard became convinced that her offense was quite capable of making way through any team because it went through the Cornell team, when that eleven was not up to the mark, and hence made to attempt to stiffen the vital points of it for the Yale game, when it crumbled up badly; so Pennsylvania might have gone on in confidence only to find that the blow struck by her interference when finally in the Harvard match was not severe enough to make a way. For two seasons Pennsylvania has ham-

pered the Harvard line into a state of physical exhaustion, and, practically taking them by the throat, wrung the game out of them. This year, with similar tactics, the hard thrust, thrust, thrust of guards' back, she must weaken and slow up the Harvard line and then rely upon a feint to get a man past for a long run. She must follow this course because Harvard is planning such a defense and employing for it such men as will be able to withstand the simple hammering of heavy mass work far better than any team with which she has faced Pennsylvania for three years. To think that Woodruff cannot accomplish this is to make an error. He can, if he be not too much bothered by his own men and their lack of ability to make certain alterations in their play. The new complication of finding himself handicapped behind the line has added to his difficulties, but the worst is now over and the Pennsylvania team is coming up very fast. They reached their lowest point much earlier than usual, and there is nothing further to fear in the way of a slump. Harvard, on the other hand, has not yet arrived at the doldrums of the football sea, and may run into them yet. McCracken and Outland will make ground against Harvard. So will Hare, if he be fit; but it must be remembered that Hare will have something to do on the defense as well, and he must not be exhausted in the early part of the game. McCracken's defense will be stronger than Hare's on plays through the guard openings, because he stands more in a manner adapted to meet Harvard's plays at this point. Gardiner is pretty certain to handle his men well and to give them the ball with fair regularity and accuracy; whether they fumble it then or not is one of those questions that nobody can even guess at. Pennsylvania's generalship has not been very severely tested as yet, and it is doubtful whether, with their peculiar style of offense, that any special art will be shown. If they find a weak spot in the Harvard line, however, they are prepared to everlastingly smash it. And no one can blame them for carrying out their theory, for what they are after is touchdowns and not art. Quarter-back kicking, in spite of some reverses with which it has met in the last few weeks, will be used inside the twenty-five-yard line when forced on down.

Wisconsin, unquestionably a leader in Middle West athletics, through its boating interests as well as its football record, the winner of last year's football honors, has, under Captain O'Dea and Coach King, been hard at work on the development of a team worthy to follow those of 1896 and 1897. The material is fair, but the advance made by the University of Chicago last season leads Wisconsin to feel that the game with these rivals, now scheduled for November 12, must be the one toward which their energies should center. The meeting on October 29 with Minnesota will test their strength, but they should improve greatly between that time and the 12th, as they are likely to mature late. Chicago will gain considerably in experience through her Eastern trip, and if the journey and the games do not result in laying up any of the men, the team should be dangerous.

Of Saturday's games the Princeton-Cornell naturally was the particular favorite of football enthusiasts. But while close, so far as the scoring went, it was not spectacular enough to be wildly interesting, and only demonstrated what I said of Cornell earlier in the season, that her team cannot apparently forget that to hold Princeton or Pennsylvania down to a single score is honor enough. Until Cornell can make her men and her sympathizers feel as badly at a defeat of 6 to 0 by Princeton as Princeton would feel under the reverse the chances are going to be always against Cornell. Would Cornell be satisfied to be beaten in a boat race a length or half a length by any college on earth? Then why should she be content with "playing a good game" in football? A blocked ball gave Princeton the chance to put her machine in motion upon Cornell's twenty-yard line, and Reiter soon carried it over and Mills converted it into a goal. Princeton's line was strong and her ends, especially Palmer, and tackles, were of the good old Princeton type that follow the ball and the play and allow no fancy formations to distract them. Black's running was strong. For Cornell, Whiting was the star.

The Yale-Indian game was rather tame. Hudson's field-kick goal, which struck the crossbar and bounded over, was really the only play of brilliancy throughout the match. Yale opened up fiercely and scored at once. Then their work lacked speed and at times generalship. McBride's kicks in the second half got lower and lower until any less elevation would have needed a trench dug in the ground. On returns of kick-offs, however, he was very strong.

The Harvard-Chicago game was a sort of play written for star Dibblee. There was no seriousness about it after the first few minutes, and Chicago was simply outclassed. Harvard, too, let down in the second half. My earlier predictions as to the possibility of Donald and Houghton at tackles seem likely to be verified.

Amherst surprised Trinity and the public, while Wesleyan gave Williams a lesson that makes them look with foreboding to the Dartmouth game.

Pennsylvania-Lafayette was as tame and uninteresting as the rest, and Saturday, October 22, will never go down in history as a day of great games.

No matter what the result of Cornell's game with Pennsylvania, it is regarded at Ithaca as an incontrovertible fact that this year's team is easily ahead of any that ever wore the red and white. The best of spirits has prevailed among the men on the team. Another feature that shows Cornell on the right road to ultimate football strength is that perfect harmony prevails among those who have charge of the coaching, and members of the teams of previous years are ready to offer aid.

WALTER CAMP.



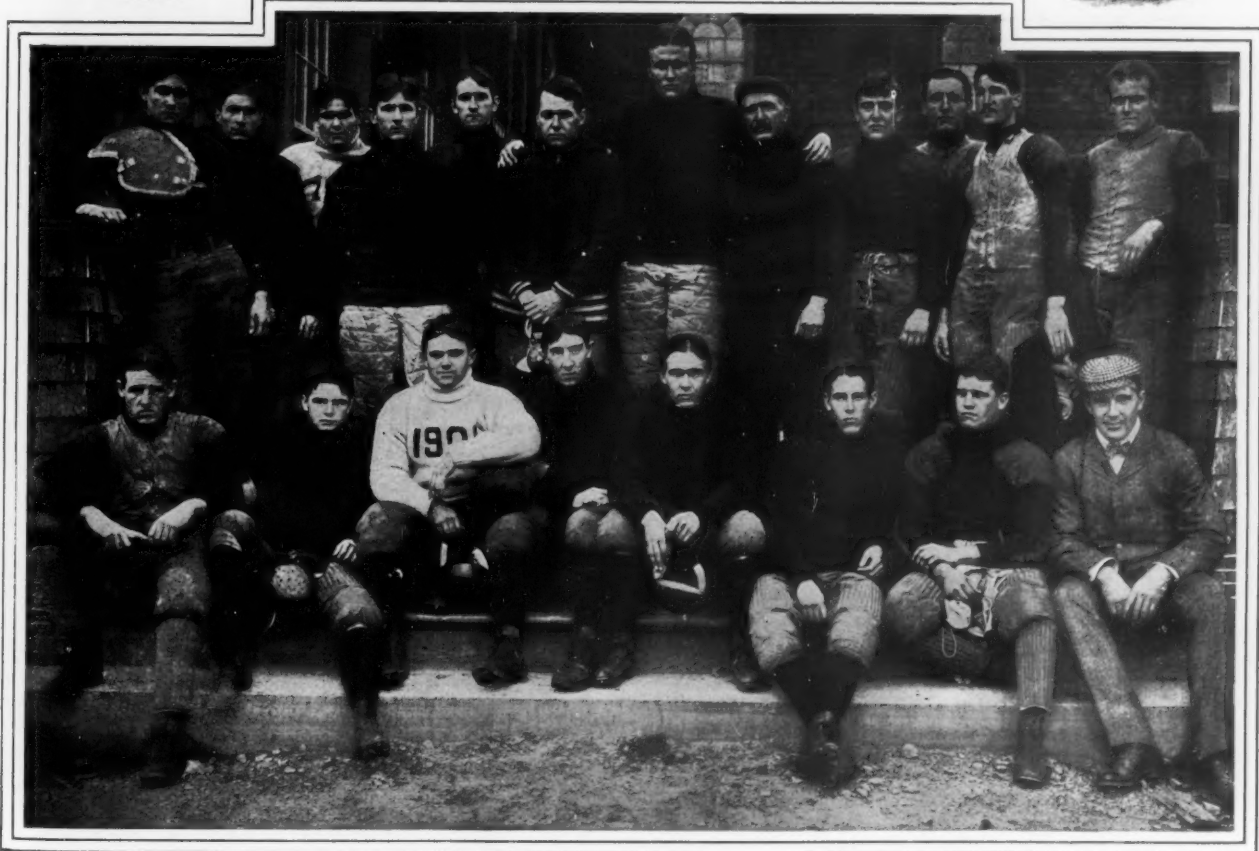
Outland (Captain),
Pennsylvania.

HARVARD vs. PENNSYLVANIA 1898

THE TWO FOOTBALL TEAMS



Dibblee (Captain),
Harvard.



Kendall, Richardson,
Haughton.

Gieratch,
Daly, Brayton.

Warren,
Reid.

Jaffray, Mc Masters (Trainer),
Dibblee (Capt.).

Sargent, Boal, Cochrane,
Hallowell, Mills.

Burnett,
Fuller (Manager).

HARVARD

THE DRAMA

MISS ANNIE RUSSELL, who at the Garrick Theatre last week appeared at the head of her own company for the first time in her somewhat extended career, may be said to have climbed to eminence by way of England. She had had plenty of praise from the critics here, but it remained for the London critics, last summer, to give her the final, triumphant boost. In fact, one critic, by calling her "the American Duse," helped to make her with a phrase. I should not be surprised if that phrase alone persuaded Mr. Charles Frohman to put Miss Russell forward before her countrymen as a star.

The occasion marked the first production here of a piece from the French by Henri Lavedan, entitled "Catherine." All pieces from the French, in their transference into English, lose flavor and grow heavier; they are like graceful women who fall into flesh. "Catherine," as a drama, has gained shockingly in weight. The translation, too, is not all that it should be; there are several phrases and one character that suggest the hand of the Britisher. Occasionally, the translation is palpably bad. "You must come and hear Catherine play one day" is the best example. It should be, of course, "You must come *some* day," or "some time," to avoid the rhyme, "and hear Catherine play." On the whole, however, the translation showed its purpose fairly well. Moreover, the work had not been mangled to suit Anglo-Saxon prejudices, and the characters were clean enough to escape being washed, or, rather, washed out.

"Catherine" is a lay romance, like a three-volume English novel. The girl who gives her name to the piece played by Miss Russell we first meet in Paris at the house of the Duchess de Coutras, where she gives music lessons. The young Duke de Coutras, who prides himself, by the way, on public almsgiving—a touch that at first misleads you as to his character—is frankly in love with her. Just how he can be is not made plain in this act, however; for by her rhapsodical speeches about her piano-playing, Catherine shows that she is either artful or ridiculously sentimental. In the second act, at Catherine's humble home, we learn that the girl is secretly in love with the Duke and is madly loved by a young fellow in her own world, George Martel. While she dreams of the Duke George comes in and asks her to be his wife. For the sake of her poor old father and her little brother and sister she accepts him. Then the Duchess presents herself to make a formal proposal for Catherine in marriage with her son. Now there is a very interesting and natural and dramatic complication! It wrought the people around me into just the right frame of mind; it made them lean forward and whisper, "I wonder which of them she'll marry." Under such tension as this most dramatists would be unable to intensify the interest and would consequently fall into an anti-climax.



MISS ANNIE RUSSELL

Lavedan, on the contrary, moved forward to a most touching and effective scene. Catherine, after promising the Duchess to consider the Duke's proposal and to send in reply one word only—"Yes" or "No"—received another visit from George. He sees that she is upset; he questions her and forces her to explain the object of the Duchess's visit and to confess that she loves the Duke. She declares, nevertheless, that she will keep her word to him. But he cares more for her happiness than his own, and he persuades her to write the word that binds her to the Duke, and he himself carries the message. The scene gave the impression of having written itself, as all good dramatic writing does, and it deeply moved the audience.

The last two acts pass in the Duke's country place. Catherine finds that being a Duchess does not shelter her from unhappiness. In fact, she has a distinct cause for misery in the presence in the house of the Viscountess de Grissolles, who for years has been madly in love with the unsuspecting young Duke. As her visit is about to close, the Viscountess practically throws herself at the Duke, who is not quite man enough to keep from taking her in his arms. During this episode, Catherine quietly enters. Then the Duke realizes that he has been a fool, and he must feel like a coward, too, as he takes the unconscious figure of his wife from the floor. At the opening of

the last act we find Catherine about to leave for her old home in Paris. The Duke appeals to her for pardon; then he asserts his authority. She shall not leave his house! But Catherine has already sent for her faithful George. The Duke, who is acting like a man for the first time, determines to meet George himself. Then something happens that is deliciously Gallic. George, challenged to explain his right to interfere in the Duke's family affairs, makes a long recital of his own noble sacrifice! It gave me cold chills. But I gladly acknowledge that I was wrong. If George Martel had not spoken out as he did, he would have had a fight on his hands, and the happiness of a rather foolish young couple would have been ruined. His honesty and generosity won the Duke, and it resulted in his playing the hero again by restoring Catherine to her lawful husband.

As I rehearse the story, the work stands in my mind as even prettier than it seemed on the first night. Then it suffered from being altogether too long; it did not end till after half-past eleven. It ought to be shortened three-quarters of an hour. Many of the speeches, coming from English-speaking actors, were painfully long; in the original, and delivered by the swift-speaking French actors, they probably did not give that impression. They ought to be broken up. The play struck me as having been written in two moods; several of the scenes, though carefully constructed, were coarsely written; others, like the scene of George's renunciation, had a fine clearness and incisiveness. Lavedan, in spite of all the prejudices of a Frenchman, would, I think, have been delighted if he could have seen the production. The scenery was tasteful, elaborate and appropriate; the costumes of the women were extravagantly beautiful, and the acting of the company maintained an average of exceptional excellence. Nearly all of the roles were strong; indeed, several were stronger than the star's. Miss Russell, however, plainly attracted the chief interest. She played, as she always does, with taste, with facility, and with charm. Every sentence that she had to speak she delivered with intelligence; in other words, as actors say, she "emptied" every sentence. To her valuable qualities I gladly bear testimony, and yet I must add that, save for occasional intervals, when she became absolutely human, she did not convince me of the reality of "Catherine." Miss Russell always seems to me to give an admirable imitation of good acting; but she never persuades me that she is the character she assumes. This is exactly what Mr. Lemoyne did do as Catherine's old father; his performance was so satisfying, so artistic, that I cannot think of a detail in which it could be improved. Mrs. Lemoyne, too, as the Duchess, gave a very accurate and fine characterization. As George, Mr. Joseph Holland fairly surpassed himself, with a really masterly piece of acting. Mr. Frank Worthing weakened an otherwise strong impersonation of the Duke by his imperfect enunciation, and in the part of the Viscountess Miss Elsie de Wolfe showed a hard technical correctness.

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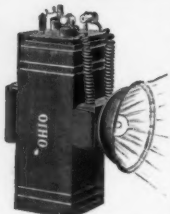
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